

DC
MASKED RAIDER
A Charlton Publication

MASKED RAIDER

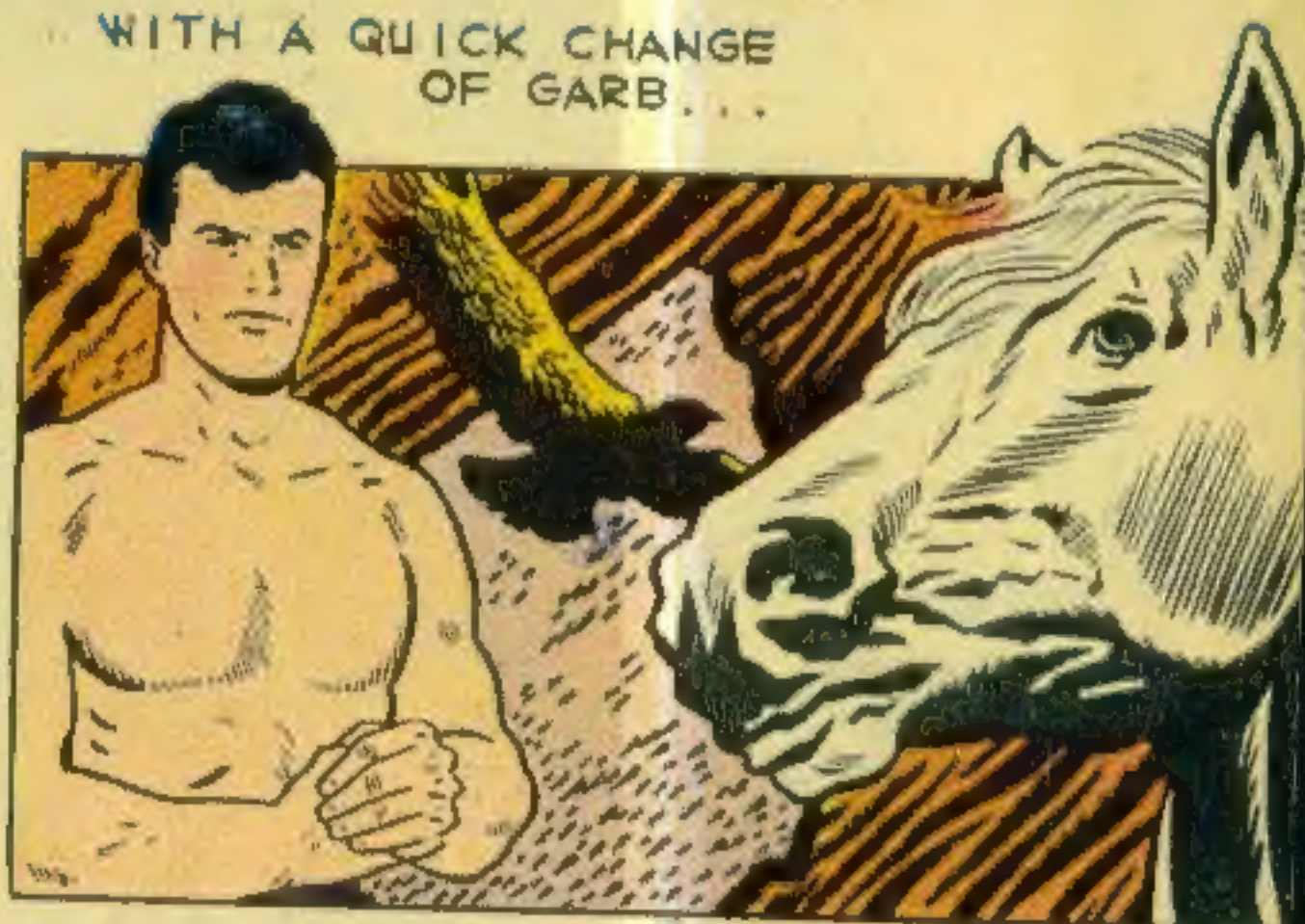
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢
JUNE

And
TALON
the
Golden
Eagle

A TRIP TO THE CAVE WHERE WHITE
STAR AND TALON WAIT AND TIMID
COWTOWN LAWYER LES WILCOX...

WITH A QUICK CHANGE
OF GARB...



BECOMES THE **MASKED RAIDER** DEFENDER OF THE OPPRESSED! CHAMPION OF JUSTICE!



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MASKED RAIDER



THAT'S ALL I WANTED -- YUH
KEPT HIM BUSY TILL I GOT
MY RIATA ON HIM!



ALL RIGHT,
MISTER!
I'M
CAUGHT...
WHAT'S
YOUR
AIM?

I AIM TUH TAKE A NICE
BUNDLE OUTA BOULDER
CITY! ONE O' MY MEN
WILL HOLD YUH HERE
WHILE THE REST OF US
PULL THE JOB! DON'T
TRY ANYTHIN'!



THE PLAN WAS PERFECT -- SNELL HADEN KNEW THE \$55,000 WOULD BE IN THE DROVER'S HOTEL SAFE ON THE EXACT DAY SCHEDULED -- HE'D ALREADY PLANNED ON GETTING SHERIFF GARRETT OUT OF TOWN AND HIS HARCASSES WOULD HANDLE THE GUARDS! THAT LEFT ONE OBSTACLE... AND HADEN WANTED THE MASKED RAIDER OUT OF THE WAY FIRST! HE HAD...

THE PERFECT PLAN

MASKED RAIDER



THE BOSS IS SHREWD, MASKED RAIDER. THIS IS ONE JOB THAT CAN'T GO WRONG. NOTHIN' CAN STOP US.



TALON HAD WATCHED THE OTHERS LEAVE -- HIS EYES, CAPABLE OF SEEING A TINY ANIMAL FROM INCREDIBLE HEIGHTS, WERE FIXED ON THE MASKED RAIDER -- WAITING FOR HIS SIGNAL...



REMEMBER... ONE TRICK AN' I PULL THIS TRIGGER!



THE OWLHOOTER WAS NERVOUS, AFRAID... THAT MADE HIM DANGEROUS! HE DIDN'T SEE THE GOLDEN EAGLE PLUMMETING FROM THE SKY...

HIS GUN, TALON, GET HIS GUN!

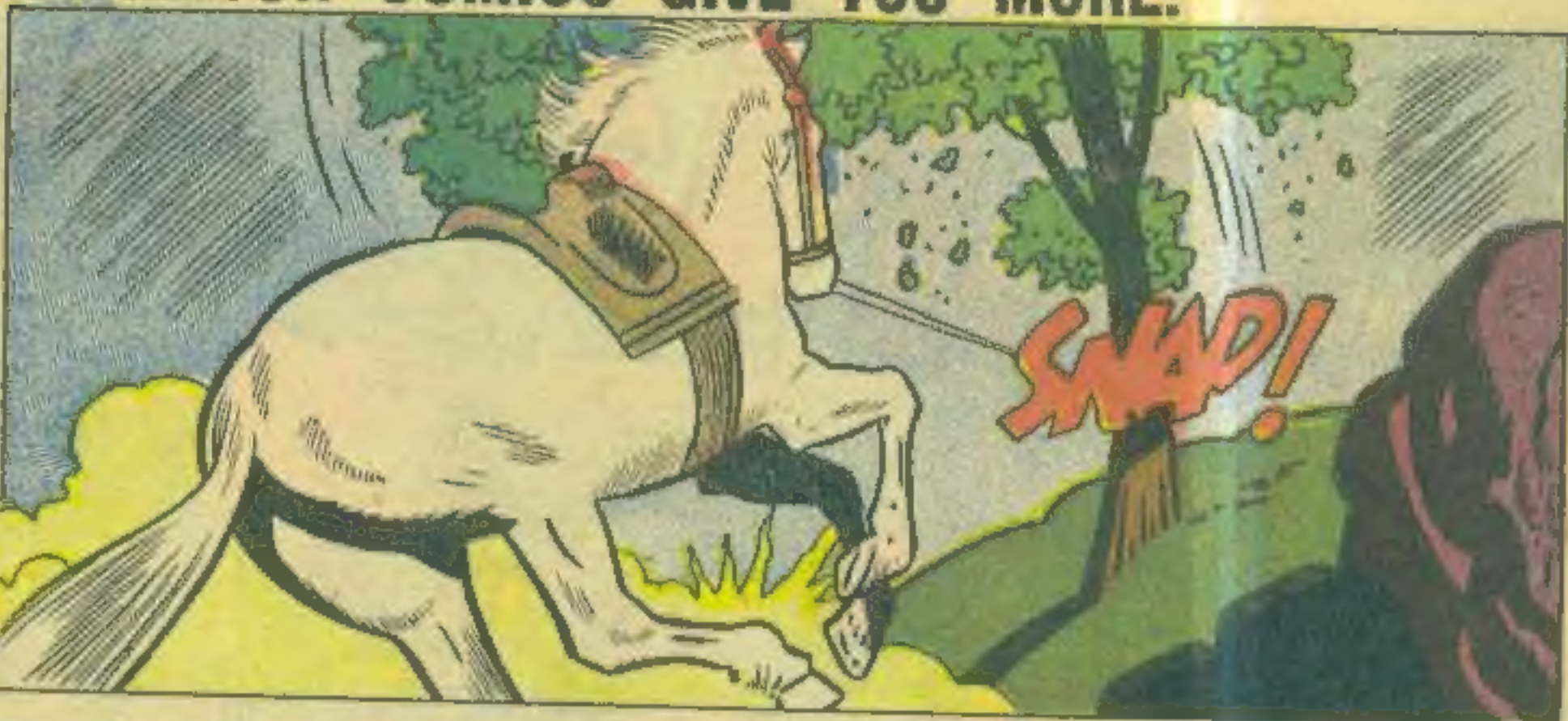


NO! EEEAAGH! NO!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE MASKED
RAIDER'S GREAT
HORSE HAD BEEN
SECURELY
TETHERED TO
A STOUT
SAPLING NEAR-
BY -- HIS
MASTER'S
WHISTLE
SOUNDED AND
WHITE STAR
RESPONDED...



GO, WHITE STAR -- WE'VE
GOT TO GET TO TOWN
AHEAD OF THEM!



I CAN'T GO INTO BOULDER CITY AS THE
MASKED RAIDER -- I'LL HAVE TO BE-
COME LES WILCOX, THE BOOKWORM
LAWYER THEY KNOW ME AS IN TOWN!
TALON... I'LL NEED YOU WHEN
THE TROUBLE STARTS!



THE MASKED RAIDER USED AN
OLD BARN AT THE EDGE OF
TOWN TO CHANGE...

THAT'S RIGHT, TALON, I'M
GOING TO BE A TIMID LAW
CLERK FOR A WHILE! YOU
STAY NEAR ME -- THERE'S
GOING TO BE TROUBLE
REAL SOON!



LES WILCOX HURRIED TOWARD
THE DROVER'S HOTEL WHERE
THE CRIME WOULD BE COM-
MITTED -- AND MET POLLY
GARRETT, THE SHERIFF'S
DAUGHTER...

LES, WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN? DAD
JUST RODE OUT
OF TOWN AFTER
A GANG OF
RUSTLERS! EVERY
ABLE-BODIED
MAN WENT
ALONG!

YOU
KNOW
I'M NOT
A MAN
OF
ACTION,
POLLY!



I KNOW, LES
WILCOX. YOU'RE
A PROFESSED
COWARD -- YOU'VE
TOLD US OFTEN
ENOUGH! LOOK,
ISN'T THAT
TALON, THE
MASKED
RAIDER'S
TALON?

HOW
WOULD
I KNOW,
POLLY?
EXCUSE
ME... I'VE
GOT TO GO
CHECK SOME
PAPERS AT
THE HOTEL!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

HADEN'S GANG WAS POSTED WHERE THEY COULD WATCH THE STREET WHILE SNELL HADEN LOOTED THE HOTEL SAFE...

I WOULDN'T GO INSIDE, BUDDY!

I HAVE TO GO IN -- I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE OWNER!



ALL RIGHT, FRIEND... HAVE IT YORE WAY!



I WARNED YUH... OOF!



OPEN THE SAFE, OWENS, OR I'LL USE DYNAMITE AND WRECK THE WHOLE BUILDING! THAT'S IT... MAKE IT SNAPPY!



MR. OWENS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

PUT 'EM UP, DUDE! GET OVER AGAINST THE WALL!



MASKED RAIDER



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

THE OWLHOOTERS FORGOT THEIR GREAT PLAN -- THEY SCRABBLED IN THE DUST FOR THE CASH...

I'LL TEACH THAT DUDE AS SOON AS WE GET THIS CASH TOGETHER. I'LL SHOW 'IM!



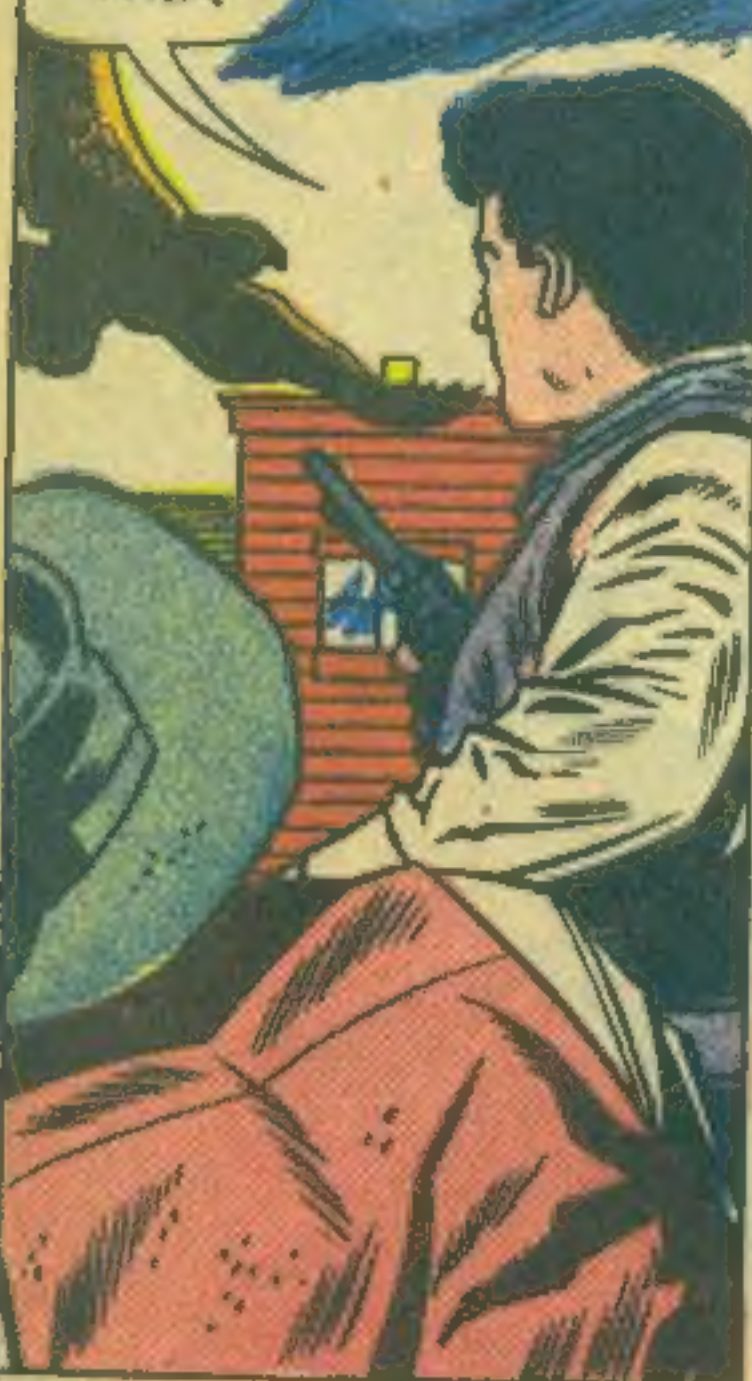
THERE GOES LES WILCOX -- THE BIGGEST COWARD IN THE WEST!

GET HIM -- HE TRIED TUH MESS US UP!



TALON PROVIDED A DIVERSION -- THE GREAT EAGLE DONE AT HADEN FIRST...

GET THE EAGLE! GET HIM OFF ME!



IT'S THE MASKED RAIDER'S EAGLE! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!



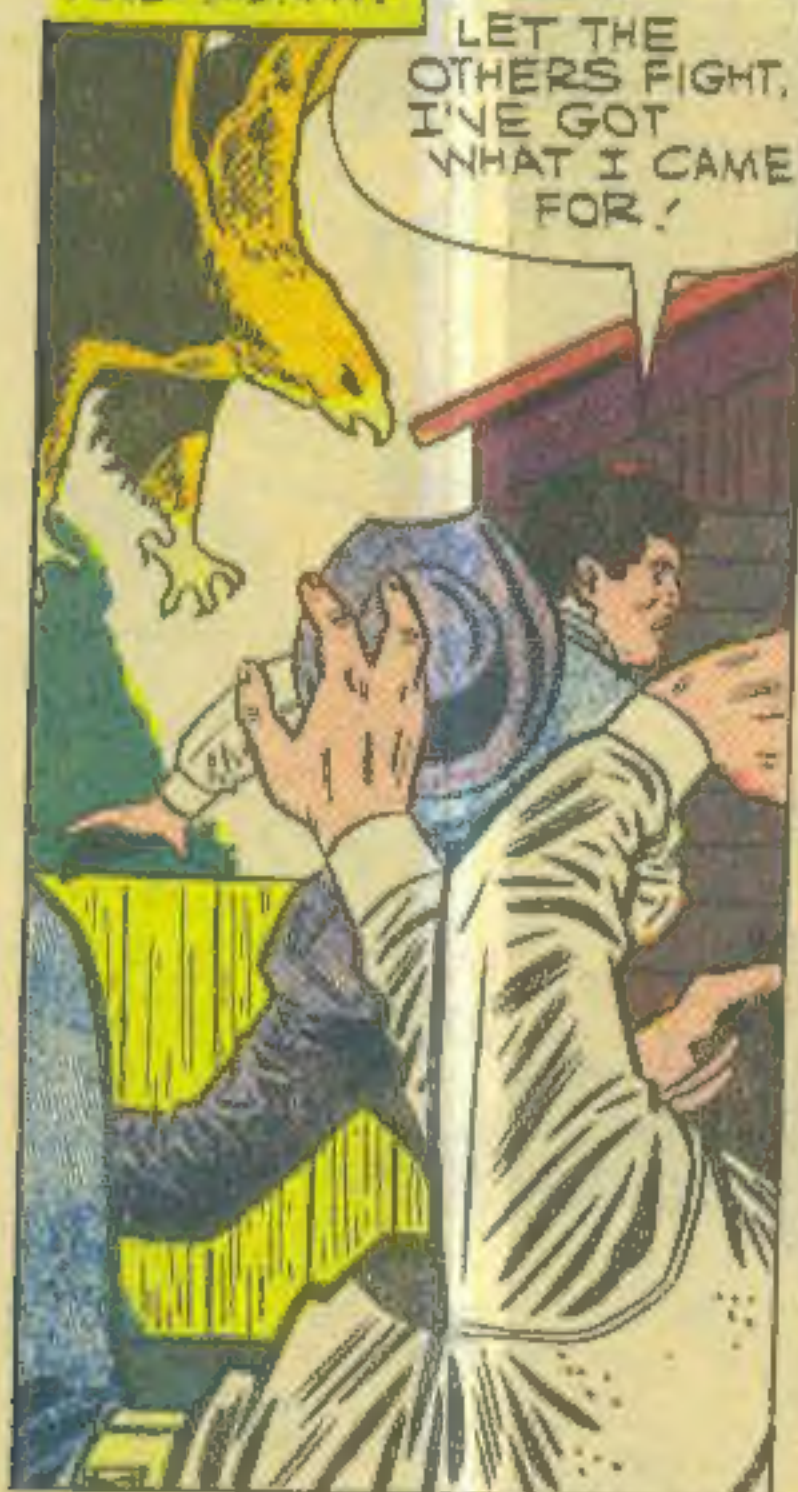
LES WILCOX HAD RACED TO THE BARN... MADE HIS QUICK CHANGE, AND...

COME ON, WHITE STAR! TALON CAN'T DO IT ALL HIMSELF!



MASKED RAIDER

TALON HAD TOO MANY TARGETS -- HE COULDN'T FIGHT THEM ALL -- AND HADEN GRABBED HIS CHANCE TO SCOOP UP SOME CASH AND RUN...



LET THE OTHERS FIGHT, I'VE GOT WHAT I CAME FOR!

POOF!



THE MASKED RAIDER LASHED OUT ONCE AND HADEN WAS THROUGH...



GET HIS GUNS -- HOLD THESE GENTS TILL THE MENFOLK SHOW UP! MAYBE THAT LAWYER, WHAT'S HIS NAME, WILL HELP!

YOU MEAN LES WILCOX? FIGHTING OUTLAWS ISN'T HIS SPECIALTY!



WE'LL **NEVER** BE ABLE TO THANK YOU, SIR! THIS IS A TOKEN OF OUR APPRECIATION!



SECONDS LATER, THE MASKED RAIDER WAS ON WHITE STAR, TALON CLOSE BY ABOVE... RIDING AWAY. A NEW NOTE IN HIS VOICE...

COME ON, TALON! GO, WHITE STAR! IF POLLY DID THAT ONCE MORE, WE'D **NEVER** LEAVE TOWN!



END!

MASKED RAIDER



OUTSIDE THE COURT, THE ENRAGED LOCAL CITIZENS WERE IN A DANGEROUS MOOD...



PAOLO DE DIAZ HAD THE PAPERS TO PROVE HIS CLAIM--HE OWNED EVERY SQUARE FOOT OF THE GROUND THAT BOULDER CITY WAS BUILT ON! HIS TITLE, DATING BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE CONQUISTADORES, WAS VALID...IT WAS LAWYER LES WILCOX'S DUTY TO AFFIRM DE DIAZ'S OWNERSHIP IN THE CITY'S COURTROOM!

THE SONORA SWINDLE

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

SHERIFF GARRETT HAD NO INTENTION OF LETTING DE DIAZ COME TO HARM FROM A MOB... BUT HE HAD SOME GOOD ADVICE FOR THE SPANIARD!

THERE'S A LOT OF 'BAD FEELIN' TOWARD YUH IN THIS TOWN, DE DIAZ! BE CAREFUL!

I AM ARMED, SHERIFF! THEY WOULD BE FOOLISH TO TRIFLE WITH ME!



YOU, SENOR, YOU ARE AN ABLE AND HONEST BARRISTER! I THANK YOU...

IF YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN ME, DE DIAZ, YOU'RE DOING A FINE JOB!



THEY HATE ME FOR REPRESENTING YOU AND WINNING YOUR CASE!

THAT DOES NOT MATTER, YANQUI! ADIOS--I WILL SEND YOU A CHECK!



EVERYONE IN TOWN HATED LES WILCOX FOR DISPOSSESSING THEM--THE ONE WHO HATED HIM MOST WAS POLLY GARRETT, THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER!

YOU OUGHT TO HIDE YOUR HEAD FOR SHAME! THAT THIEVING SCHEMER HAS NO TITLE TO THIS TOWN AND YOU KNOW IT!

POLLY, FOR HEAVENS SAY SSSSHH!



I KNOW HE'S A CROOK--BUT I COULD NOT PROVE IT! IF YOU'LL JUST SHUT YOUR PRETTY MOUTH AND LET ME HANDLE THIS, I'LL...



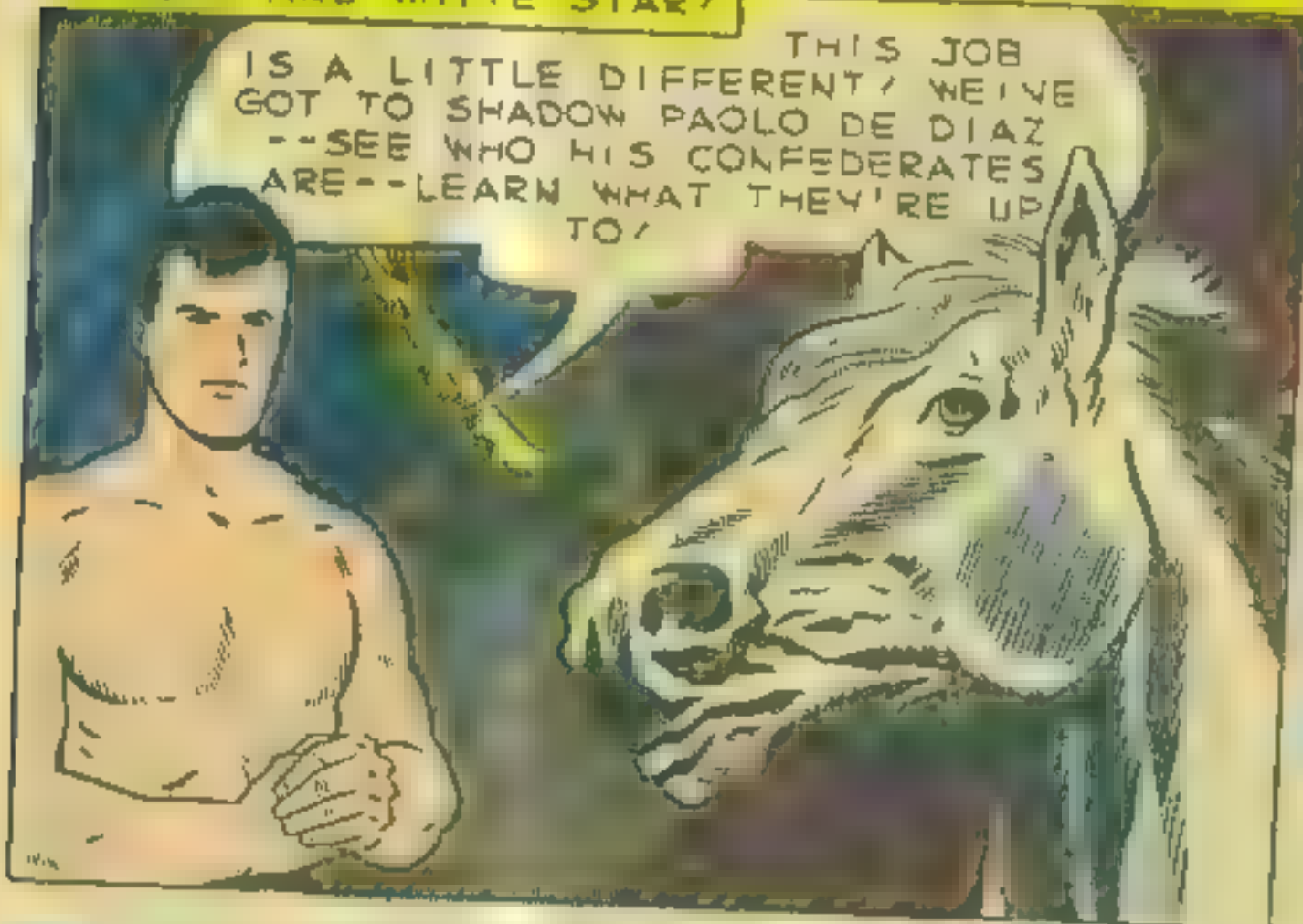
DO YOU REALLY THINK I'VE GOT A PRETTY MOUTH, LES?

POLLY, I'VE GOT TO GO... I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO!



MASKED RAIDER

WILCOX DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME IN HIS OFFICE--HE SHED HIS POSE AS A TIMID LAWYER AND HEADED OUT OF TOWN--TO GET TALON AND WHITE STAR!



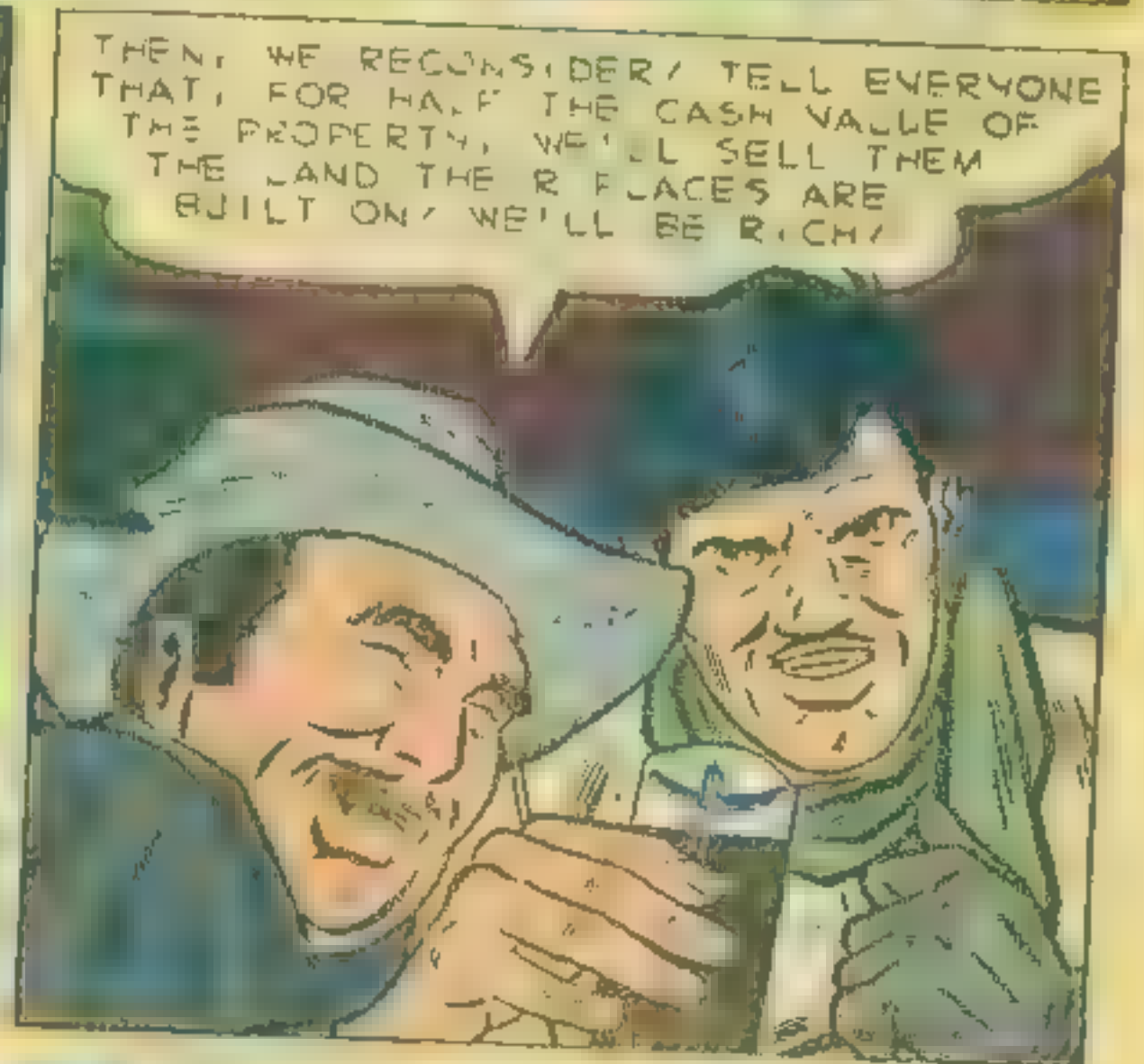
THIS JOB IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT! WE'VE GOT TO SHADOW PAOLO DE DIAZ --SEE WHO HIS CONFEDERATES ARE--LEARN WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



GO, TALON! FIND DE DIAZ FOR ME!

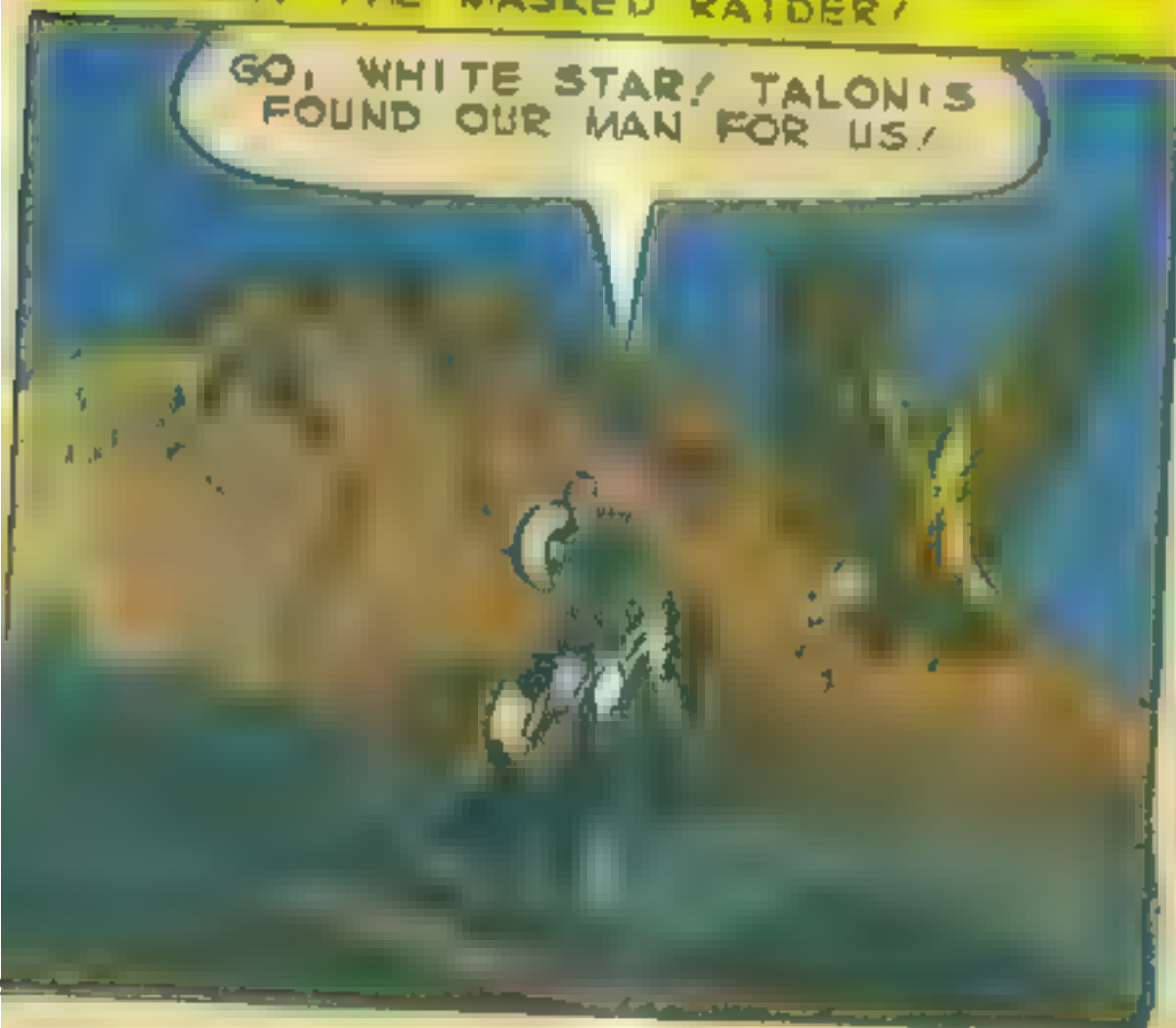


DIAZ, WE'LL BE RICH! WE'LL PRETEND THAT WE WANT THE RESIDENTS OF BOULDER CITY TO VACATE!

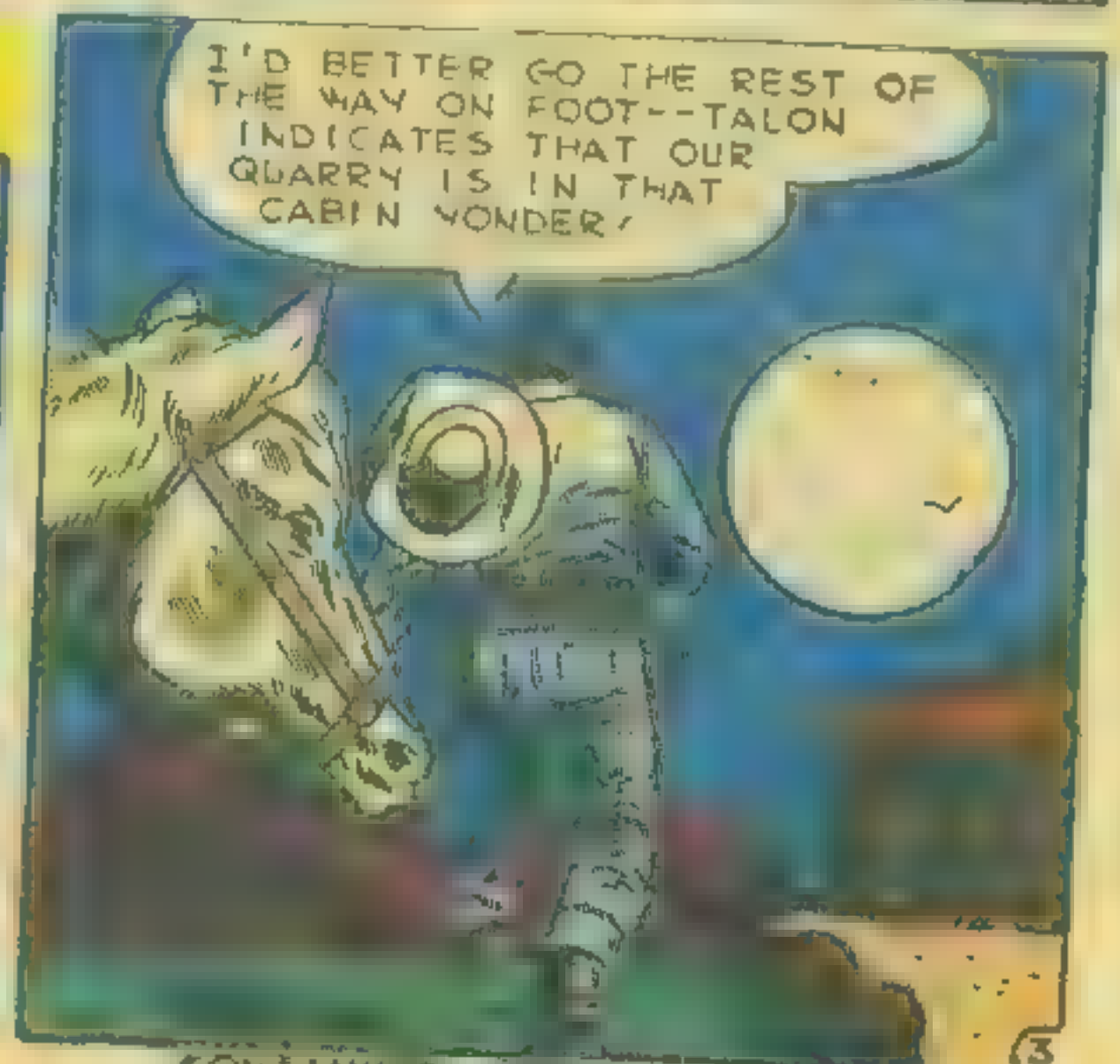


THEN, WE RECONSIDER! TELL EVERYONE THAT, FOR HALF THE CASH VALUE OF THE PROPERTY, WE'LL SELL THEM THE LAND THE R PLACES ARE BUILT ON! WE'LL BE RICH!

TALON HAD HIS LOOK AT DE DIAZ... HE CIRCLED UP AND WENT FOR HIS MASTER, THE MASKED RAIDER!



GO, WHITE STAR! TALON'S FOUND OUR MAN FOR US!



I'D BETTER GO THE REST OF THE WAY ON FOOT--TALON INDICATES THAT OUR QUARRY IS IN THAT CABIN YONDER!

MASKED RAIDER

DE DIAZ AND HIS CONFEDERATE HAD A MAP OF THE TOWN... A PLAN! WITH THIS, THEY WERE FIGURING THE PAYMENT EACH PROPERTY OWNER WOULD PAY!

THIS GENERAL STORE --TEN THOUSAND, NO, AMIGO?

WE'LL MAKE HIM PAY TWELVE THOUSAND, BUDDY!

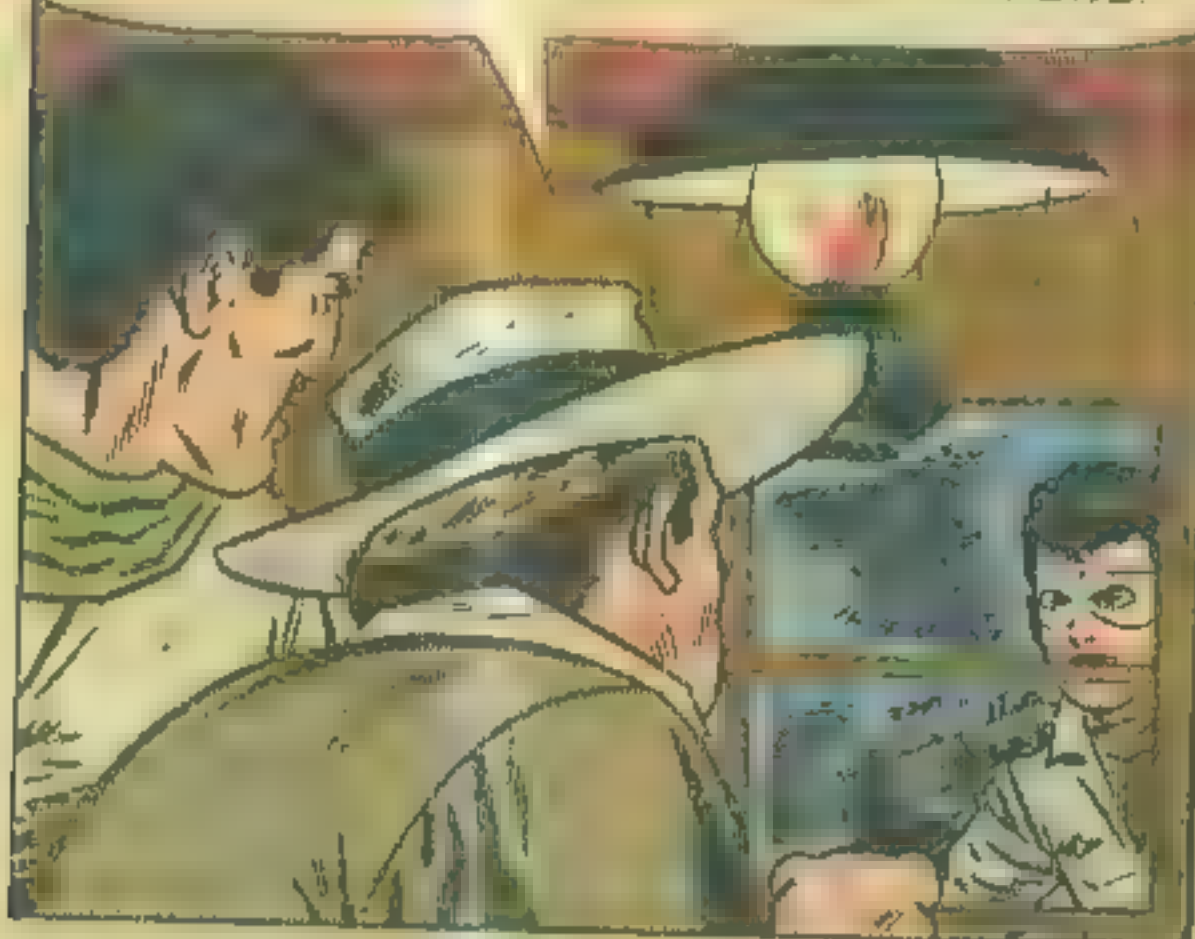


THE BANKER WILL PAY TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND, AMIGO! HOW MUCH IS OUR TOTAL NOW?

ONE HUNDRED SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, DE DIAZ, MY FRIEND!



WAIT, GIBBONS! WE HAVE COMPANY-- SENOR, I WILL SHOOT YOU IF YOU TRY TO RUN AWAY! STAND WHERE YOU ARE--GIBBONS, BRING HIM IN HERE!



THAT WAS WHAT THE MASKED RAIDER WANTED... HE HAD TO TALK TO THE FAKE LAND-OWNER, FIND OUT HOW HE'D FIXED UP THE SWINDLE!

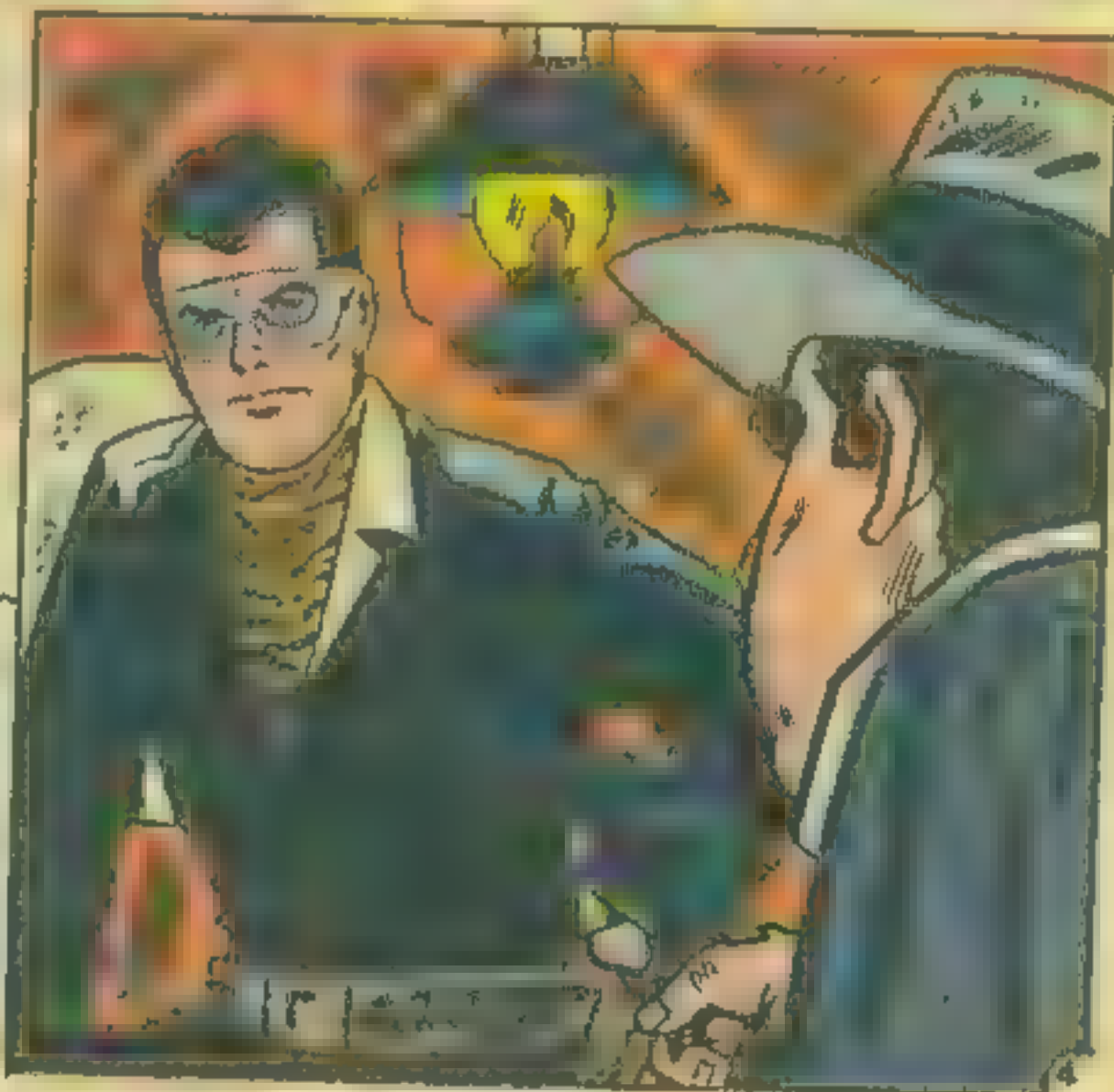
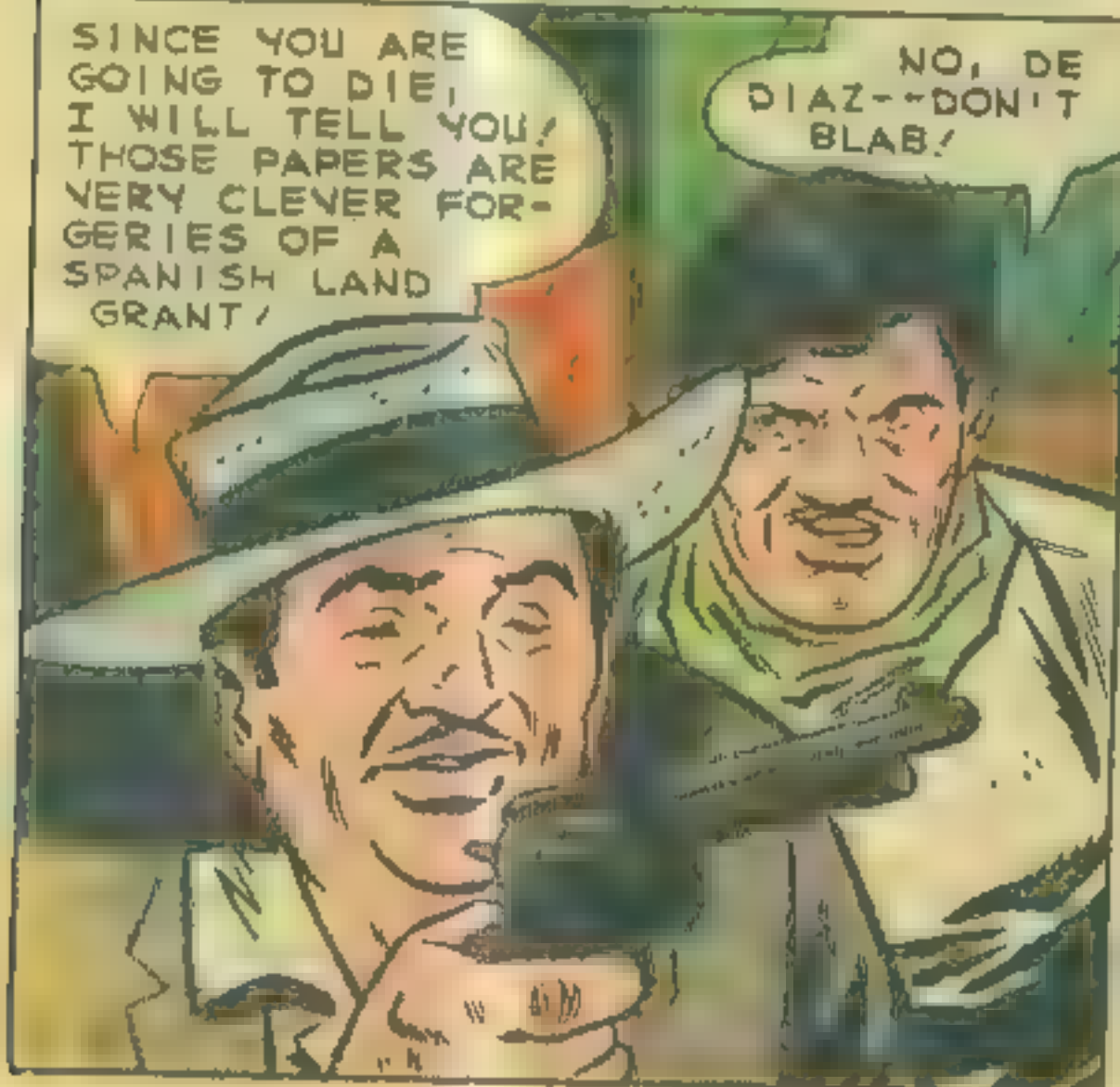
YOU ARE NOSEY, GRINGO! ASK ME WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW--I WILL TELL YOU--BEFORE I PULL THIS TRIGGER!

WHAT'S THAT MAP FOR, SENOR? AND THOSE STRANGE PAPERS?



SINCE YOU ARE GOING TO DIE, I WILL TELL YOU! THOSE PAPERS ARE VERY CLEVER FORGERIES OF A SPANISH LAND GRANT!

NO, DE DIAZ--DON'T BLAB!



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!



THE MASKED RAIDER LOADED BOTH MEN ON THEIR HORSES AND HEADED THEM FOR TOWN! THEIR HORSES WENT WITHOUT GUIDANCE... THEIR RIDERS WERE TIED AND HELPLESS TO ESCAPE!



LES WILCOX WAS IN FRONT OF HIS LAW OFFICE WHEN DE DIAZ AND GIBBONS ARRIVED! HE KNEW WHERE THE NOTE WAS EXPLAINING THE FRAUD AND...

LISTEN, EVERYONE! DE DIAZ'S PAPERS ARE FORGED... HE IS A CRIMINAL! THROW THIS PAIR IN JAIL AND KEEP THEM THERE! SIGNED...



I'LL BET IT WAS THE MASKED RAIDER! HE ALWAYS HELPS US OUT!

YEAH, LAWYER-- THE MASKED RAIDER HELPS US-- YOU HELP THE CROOKS! WE OUGHTA RUN YOU OUTA TOWN!

I ALWAYS WIND UP BEING HATED-- AND THE MASKED RAIDER GETS ALL THE CHEERS! OH, WELL, THAT'S THE WAY I PLANNED IT WHEN I BEGAN LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE!



END

Cowboy Cal

You folks there niver been out here in the West before? My, oh, my, so you be tenderfooters! Well, welcome to Rancho big Tales. Just you wait for half an hour and we git your horses all saddled up. Wish my pal, Cowboy Cal was here with me. Now folks, there's a man for you. Without Cowboy Cal we wouldn't have had a West. In fact all this big land would still be part of the East.

They tell all kinds of stories about my pal. How did he get so strong? I remember one summer when he worked for Blikie the Blacksmith. He would just take bars of iron and bend them right into shape for horse shoes. Strongest man in the West. And also a heap powerful with a kind heart that does one good.

He liked animals very much and they liked him. Back in the 80's there was much talk about a horse called El Diabolito who lead a band of wild horses in Hidden Valley. The ranchers figured it was time to make a big drive and get those horses. Especially the leader. Well, my pal heard about this. He figured a horse has got as much right to his freedom as a man. So quickly he rides to Hidden Valley—North of Missing Plains and South of Lost River.

"El Diabolito," he tells the big brown stallion, "I got bad news for you and the herd. Them ranchers are going to come here next week and make one big drive. We got to do something. You got to run faster."

So what does my pal, Cowboy Cal do? He starts to run with those horses. Makes them go faster and faster, and then shows them a few tricks on how to be smarter than the ranchers. Then Cowboy Cal hides himself and waits until when all those ranchers and their men come for the big drive. It was on a Thursday morning. First they figure on out running and tiring those horses. So for a half hour them ranchers ride their best trained horses. But something happens!

The wild horses use a trick that Cowboy Cal done taught them. They start to run backwards. This mixes up the ranchers. Which way is ahead? When they turn their horse around, then the wild horses run straight ahead forwards. This can be very confusing. Finally the horse which the ranchers ride just refuse to go ahead, because by this time they don't know what's what and were not enjoying themselves.

The ranchers get mad. They all get together and figure they will trap the horses and force them into the south side of Hidden Valley where there is nothing but a big stone wall all the way up. And the Wild Horses, with El Diabolito at their head, run right up to this big stone wall. But Cowboy Cal had taught them a very important trick. How to ride straight up the stone wall—which they did.

The ranchers didn't believe what they saw. They all got off their horses and looked. Then Cowboy Cal gave a secret low whistle. All of a sudden the horses with saddles on them started to do the same thing. They just ran up that stone wall! And them ranchers all had to walk back home to the ranches. Clever, that El Diabolito.

Which reminds me, folks. Here I have some small statutes of that famous horse. Only fifty cents each. You'll take one, mister? Thanks. And you also, young man? Thank you. That sort of reminds me. This afternoon after grub, you folks are going to the target range to learn how to shoot a .44 single action Colt. Wish that my pal, Cowboy Cal was here. Greatest shot in the West. They tell many stories about him.

Long Lash Louie was a tough man in his days. Considered himself the best shot north of Abilene. Well, one day he was giving a demonstration with his six gun. They drew a straight line on a big pine board. Long Lash Louie just takes out his .45 single action Colt. And quicker than a flash, he pumped six bullets along that straight line. One inch apart. You should see how folks were amazed.

"Gee," remarked Sheriff Ben Higgins.

"Ugg," said Chief Pale Face.

My pal, Cowboy Cal was watching all this. He came right up to where Long Lash Louie was standing. He closed his right eye and just aimed with his left eye holding the gun in his right hand. Six times he fanned his six shooter. Then he put it back in its holster.

"All misses," grinned Long Lash Louie. "Not a shot on the board."

But Sheriff Ben Higgins walks up closer to the board and examines it very carefully. Then he bends down and picks up six slugs.

"Cowboy Cal is the greatest shot in the whole West," he tells all the folks. "He just shot out every bullet that Long Lash Louie put in the board. His .44 was better than the .45

"His gun is younger than mine," said Long Lash Louie. "No fair."

The crowd roared and then they all went for drinks. My Pal, Cowboy, only took lemonade with a dash of peppermint to flavor it. He didn't care for firewater. Which sort of reminds me, folks—when you all go back East and tell this here story of shooting, people are gonna say: "Where's the bullets of Long Lash Louie that Cowboy Cal done shot out of the board?" I have them right here in my left hand. All six of them. Sell you one for fifty cents. You taking one, mister? Thanks. And you lady? One for your boy back home? Thanks.

In them days they had the big cattle drive. Every rancher wanted to hire my pal, Cowboy Cal. For he was so heap smart he could outgger anybody and anything. Something you don't know about them Longhorns. They could swim across a river, but not facing the sun. Why? Some folks say that with the sun in their eyes they just became scared because they couldn't see how to land on the other side. Now you can see what a lot of time could be lost on the drive. If you came to the river in the late afternoon, you just had to wait 'till next morning to get the herd across.

Well, my pal Cowboy Cal had a simple way of doing things. He would walk back about a quarter of a mile from the other side of the stream, hold up his right hand and shade out the sun. This satisfied them critters and they would rush across the stream in double time. Then when they were all across safely he would take down his hand and it would be bright again. Yes, my pal Cal, was the first to figure that one out.

Counting herd on the trail was one big pain in the neck. You had to string out the herd as thinly as possible. Then two cowboys worked together on this counting job. One on each side of the herd. They would count up to 100 and then tie a knot in a saddle string. When finished they would count the knots, and each had to check on how right the other was.

My pal, Cowboy Cal, had a better plan. He just would stand up in his stirrups. Give one sweep around with his two eyes and he had the count. "4567" he would say. Niver wrong. He was much better than them knots in a saddle string. I still have some of those saddle strings. Only ten cents each. Take them home and you can use them to figure out the budget. You take two, lady? Thanks a lot.

In those days it took a lot of brains to outwit the Indians. That's why they wanted my pal, Cowboy Cal with them. I remember how he done fooled a lot of Runways Indians. Back in '78 it happened. They were sending up smoke signals telling the bands that a lot of fat cattle were headed out of the territory and only 22 cowboys with the herd.

"Going to be trouble, heap lot of it," sighed the trail boss.

"Not for us, but for them Indians," snapped back Cowboy Cal.

He just took an old corncob pipe and filled it with grass and some kind of seeds. Then he lit the mixture and puffed and puffed. Soon he was sending up his own signals, confusing the Indians by telling some to go east by south and others to go west by north. And some even go southnorth by eastwest so they would all meet at one point. This could niver be. The herd got safe to Abilene, but them poor Indians were out looking for each other to get together and then try to get the herd. Far as I know, they are still out there on the plains which shows you how right smart it is to have one of them old corncob pipes. Now I can sell you only two of them for one dollar each. You take one, mister? Thanks a heap lot.

The West is changing. You can't even carry a gun, no more. Maybe it is good this way. The days of my pal, Cowboy Cal are gone. I think of the old song we used to sing around the camp fires:

"Cowboy Cal is no more,
Say he went out to war,
With rifle and six-gun,
Left at the rise of sun,
And he niver came back,
On the old Western track,
Cowboy Cal is no more."

It could be, folks. But you just let any trouble start right here in the West, and you can bet your bottom dollar that my pal, Cowboy Cal is going to ride back here again. He'll settle things. Say, notice you are looking at those iron bars on the ground. Them are the bars he used to make horse shoes. Want to buy some? One for twenty-five cents, mister.

THE END

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

ROCKY LANE

Black Jack's Madness

FIGHTING THE TOUGHEST FIGHT OF HIS CAREER, ROCKY LANE, THE SECRET MARSHAL, NEEDED BLACK JACK'S HELP MORE THAN HE'D EVER NEEDED IT BEFORE...AND, INSTEAD, BLACK JACK TURNED ON HIM, RED-EYED WITH RAGE, LEGS FLAILING WICKEDLY, APPARENTLY BENT ON DESTROYING HIS MASTER!

LET'S RUSH HIM! THE LAWMAN'S STALLION IS REALLY MAD NOW! HE'S TRYIN' TO KICK LANE IN THE HEAD!



TWO DAYS EARLIER, IN LAS PIERDAS, A LAWLESS CLUSTER OF ADOBE HUTS, ROCKY LANE HAD FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH JETT COBURN, A VERY BAD HOMBRE!

HERE HE COMES!



I'M TAKIN' YUH BACK JETT COBURN! I'VE GOT A WARRANT!

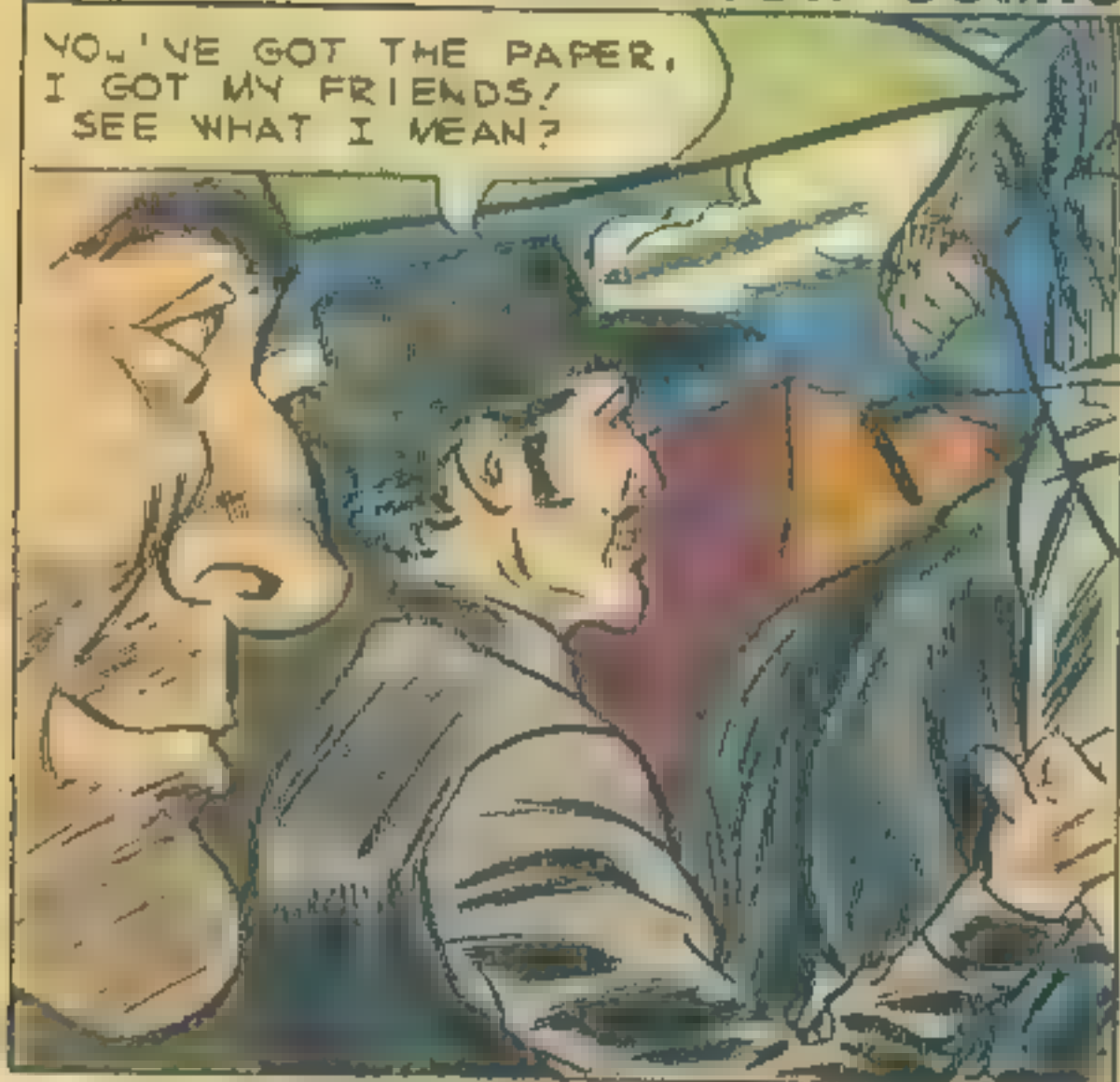
A DOZEN WARRANTS WOULDN'T HELP IN LAS PIERDAS, SONNY!



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CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

YOU'VE GOT THE PAPER,
I GOT MY FRIENDS!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?



WHOA, BOY! I'LL
GET THE GENT,
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO BITE HIM
FOR ME!

GET HIM
AWAY,
MARSHAL!

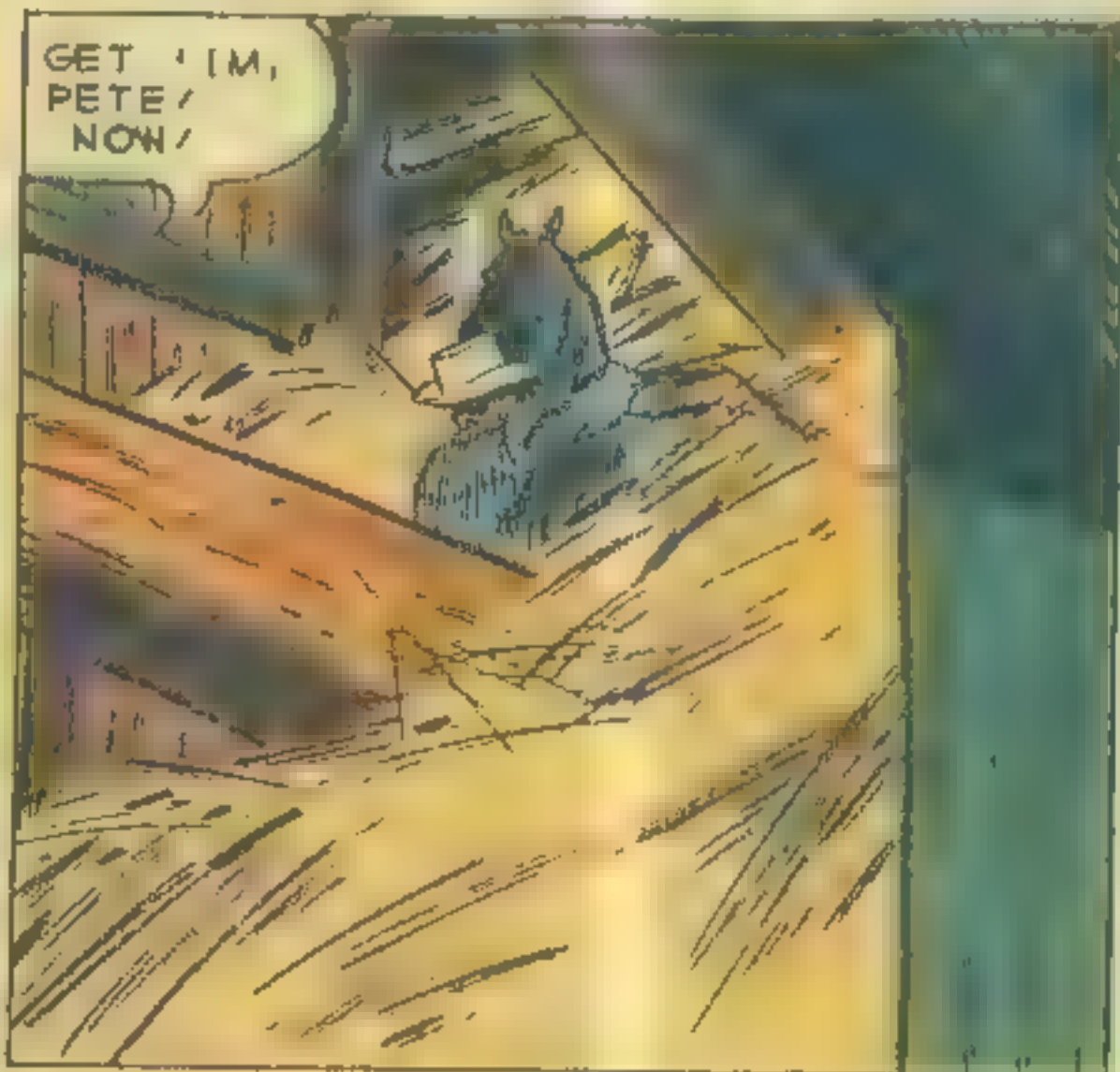


THE ROVING MARSHAL TOOK BLACK JACK
TO THE LIVERY STABLE... HE GOT HIM
GRAIN FIRST, THEN BEGAN RUBBING HIM
DOWN!

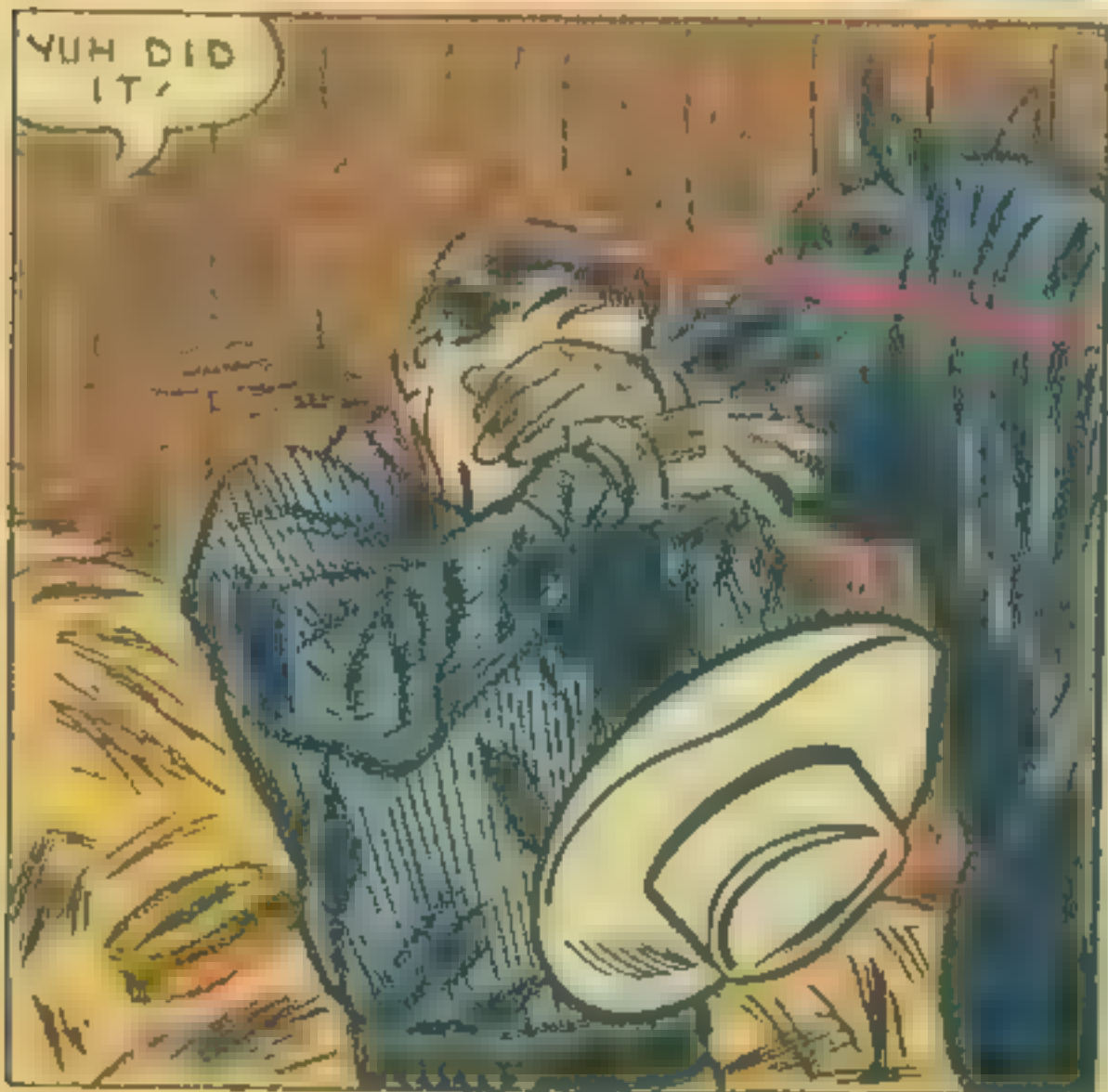
YOU'RE KINDA
TOUCHY LATELY, BLACK
JACK! MEBBE I'M
WORKIN' YUH
TOO HARD!!



GET 'IM,
PETE!
NOW!



YUH DID
IT!

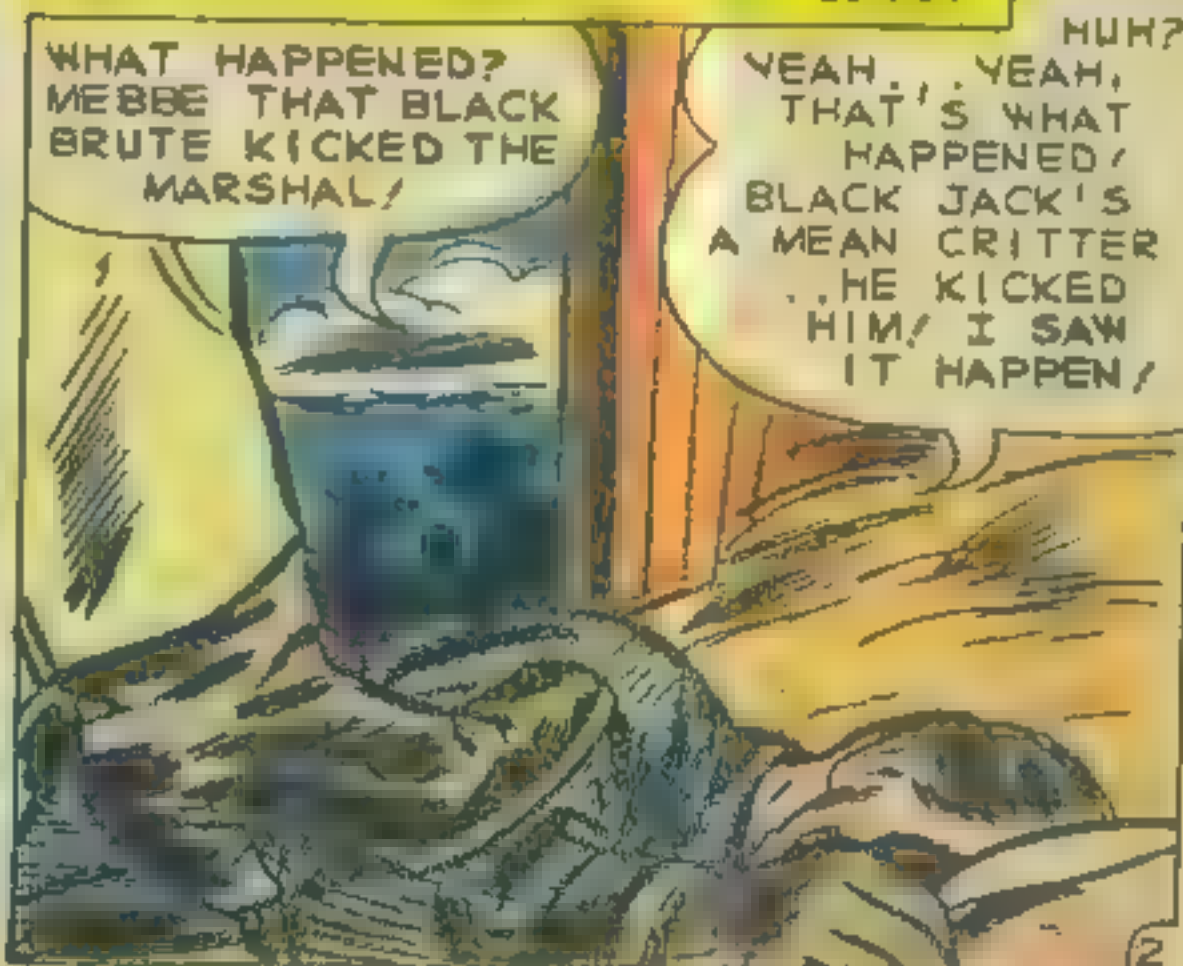


THE LOCAL CITIZENS CAME ON THE RUN
AND FOUND ROCKY LANE WITH A BAD
GASH ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, LYING
NEAR BLACK JACK'S BACK LEGS!

WHAT HAPPENED?
MEBBE THAT BLACK
BRUTE KICKED THE
MARSHAL!

HUH?

VEAH... YEAH,
THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENED!
BLACK JACK'S
A MEAN CRITTER
HE KICKED
HIM! I SAW
IT HAPPEN!



MASKED RAIDER

STUNNED BY THE SMASHING IMPACT OF THE RIFLE SLUG, THE MARSHAL FOUGHT HIS WAY BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS... AND HEARD THE NEWS!

THAT HOSS OUGHTA BE SHOT, MARSHAL! HE KICKED YUH ON PURPOSE!

ED'S RIGHT, MISTER! HE TRIED TUH KICK YOLR HEAD OFF!



WHAT'S WRONG, BOY? I DON'T KNOW IF YUH KICKED ME OR NOT... BUT THESE GENTS SAY YUH DID!



ARE YOU SURE BLACK JACK KNOCKED ME OUT? I DIDN'T SEE OR HEAR A THING MYSELF!

WHY SHOULD I LIE? THE CAYUSE LOOKED BACK, TOOK AIM, AN' KICKED OUT WITH BOTH HIND LEGS!



THE KNOCK-OUT AND ROCKY'S DAZED CONDITION HAD GIVEN JETT COBURN AND HIS BUNCH PLENTY OF TIME TO GET A-WAY... AND THEY MOVED FAST!

HAW HAW! FOR TEN BUCKS APIECE, THEM BUMS WILL SWEAR THEY SAW THE HORSE KICK LANE FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!



ROCKY LANE, MOUNTED ON BLACK JACK, WAS A TOUGH MAN! WITHOUT THE NAG, HE'S NOT SO DANGEROUS! YOU'RE A SMART MAN, JETT, REAL SMART!



AND, BEHIND THEM, COMING FAST, WAS ROCKY LANE... AND BLACK JACK!



FASTER, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BUNCH!

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

HEY, BOYS... THERE'S THAT BLASTED MARSHAL! HE'S RIDIN' BLACK JACK!



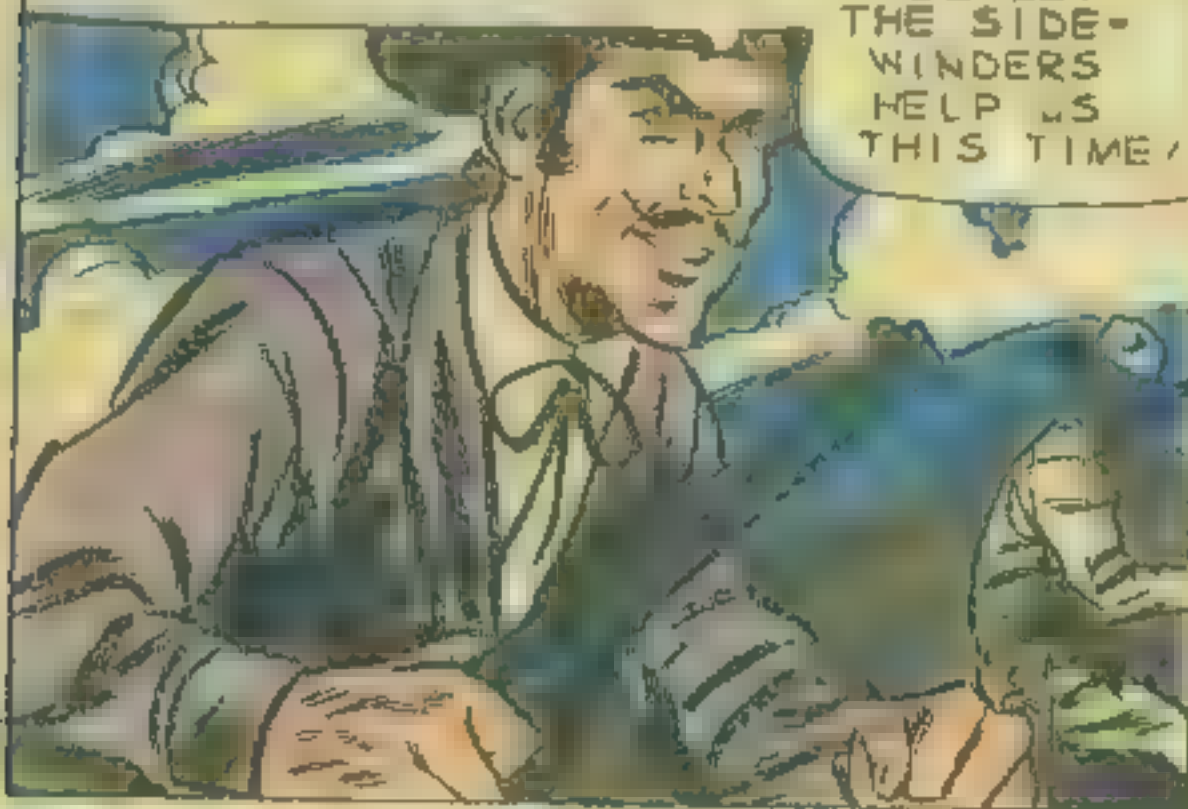
WE'RE IN A NEST O' SIDEWINDERS! WE'VE GOT TUH GET OUT O' HERE!

THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM! COME ON, JETT!



THE OUTLAW CHIEF DID SOME FAST THINKING... AND SWUNG OFF HIS HORSE UP THE SLOPE FROM THE RATTLESNAKE INFESTED AREA!

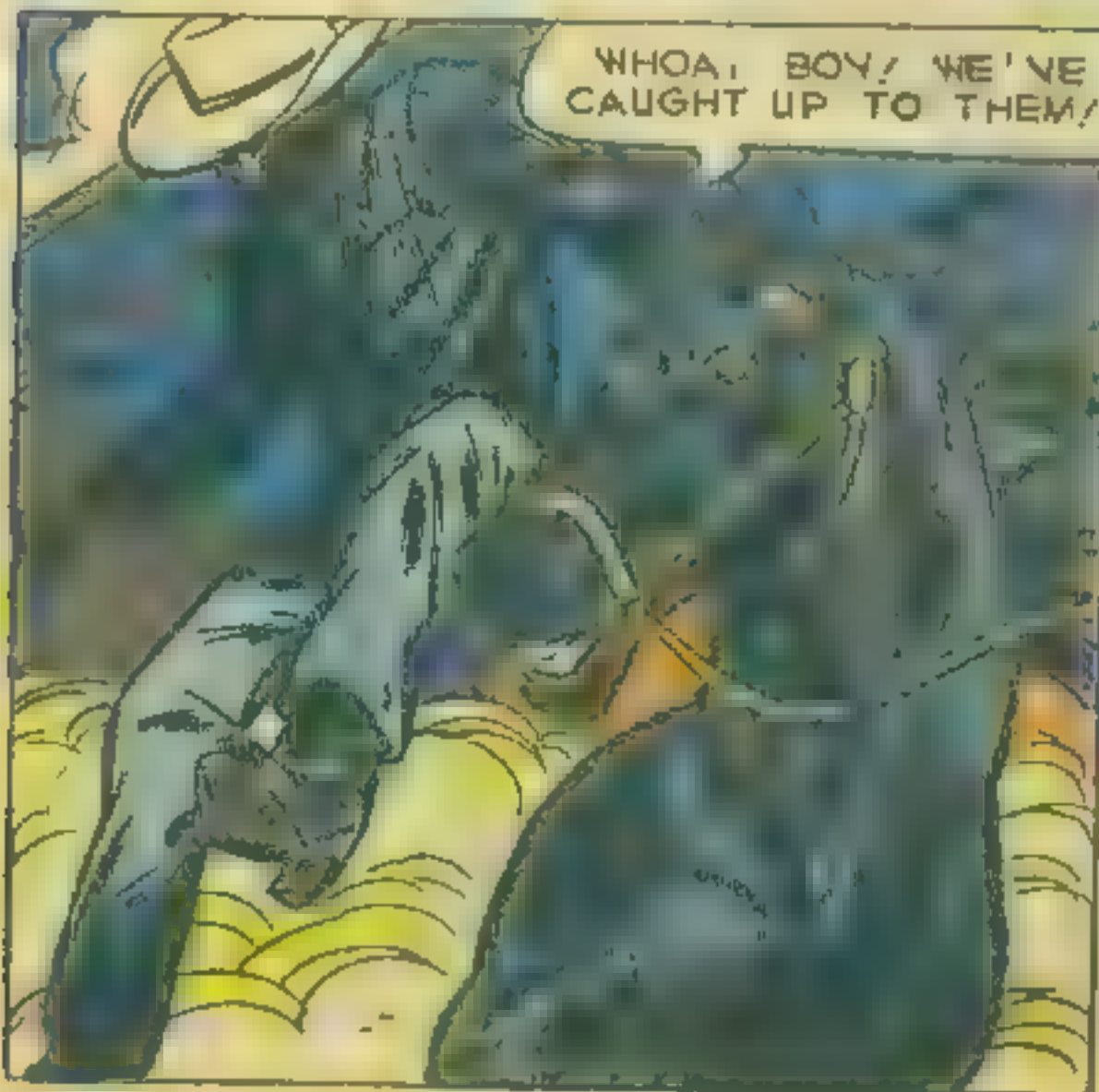
GIT OVER THERE, PETE! QUICK! WE'VE GOT TUH HOLD THE MARSHAL IN THEM ROCKS! WE'LL LET THE SIDEWINDERS HELP US THIS TIME!



NOW... THROW LEAD, BOYS!



WHOA, BOY! WE'VE CAUGHT UP TO THEM!



WATCH IT, BLACK JACK! THIS IS A SIDEWINDER'S NEST!



MASKED RAIDER

WITH OUTLAW LEAD SPATTERING THE ROCKS AND SLITHERING SNAKES DARTING ANGRILY UNDERFOOT, THE SECRET MARSHAL HAD HIS HANDS FULL...



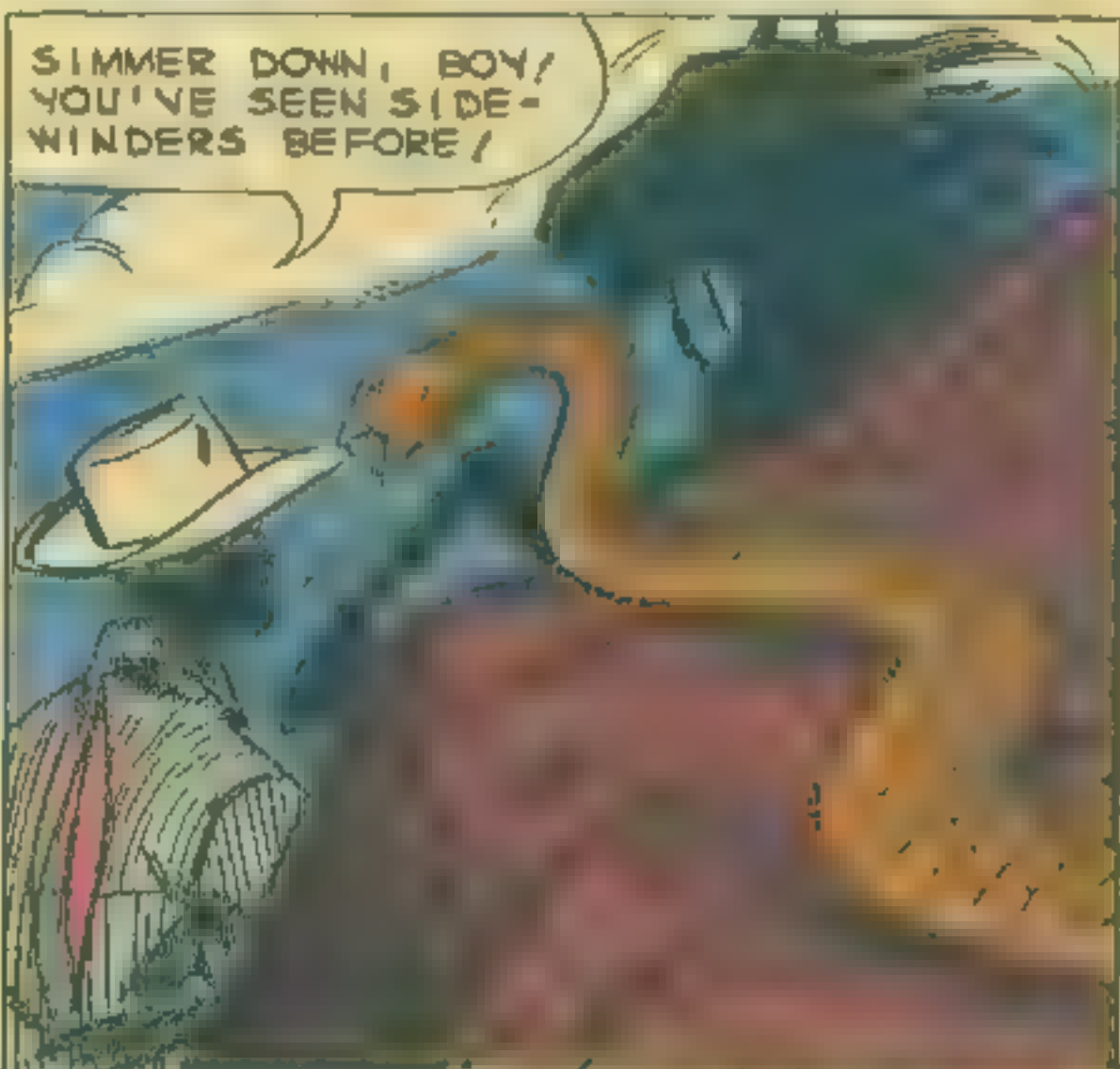
...AND BLACK JACK WAS BEGINNING TO PANIC! THE SIDEWINDERS' STENCH WAS MADDENING AS HE FOUGHT HIS NATURAL ENEMIES!



LOOK AT THE STALLION! HE'S GONE CRAZY!



SIMMER DOWN, BOY! YOU'VE SEEN SIDEWINDERS BEFORE!



THE LAWMAN SAW BLACK JACK REARING ABOVE HIM... HE SAW THE LIGHTNING-LIKE HOOF'S COME STRIKING DOWN...



HEY, LOOK! BLACK JACK KICKIN' THE LAWMAN'S HEAD!

CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

ROCKY LANE SLUMPED ACROSS THE ROCK
AND THE OWLHOOTERS YELLED AND
CHARGED!

COME ON--HIS
CAYUSE DID THE JOB FOR US!

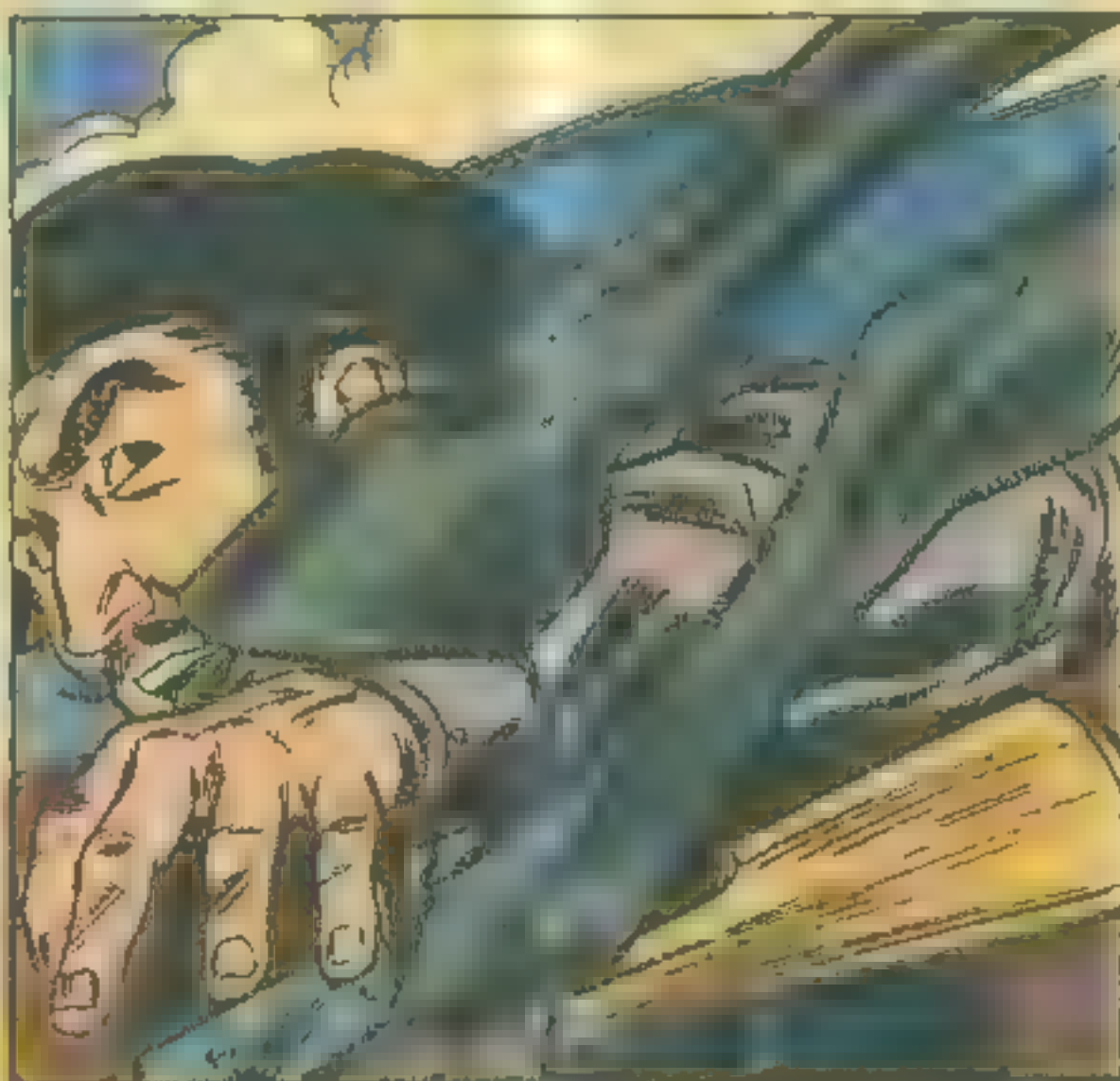


YUH NO-GOOD MAN-
KILLER...YUH DID
US A FAVOR!



JETT, LOOK AT...
YEEEEOWW!

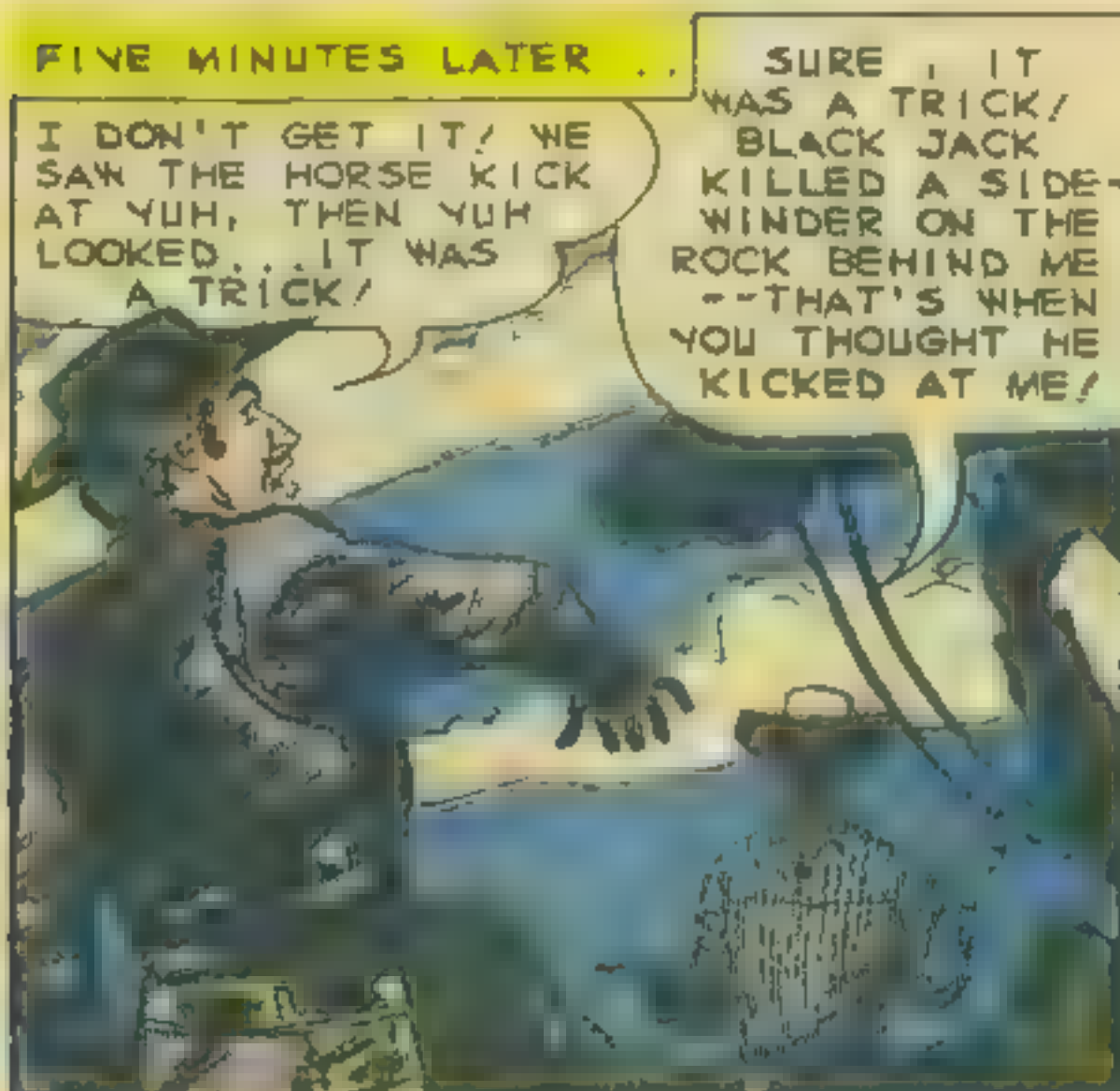
BLAM!



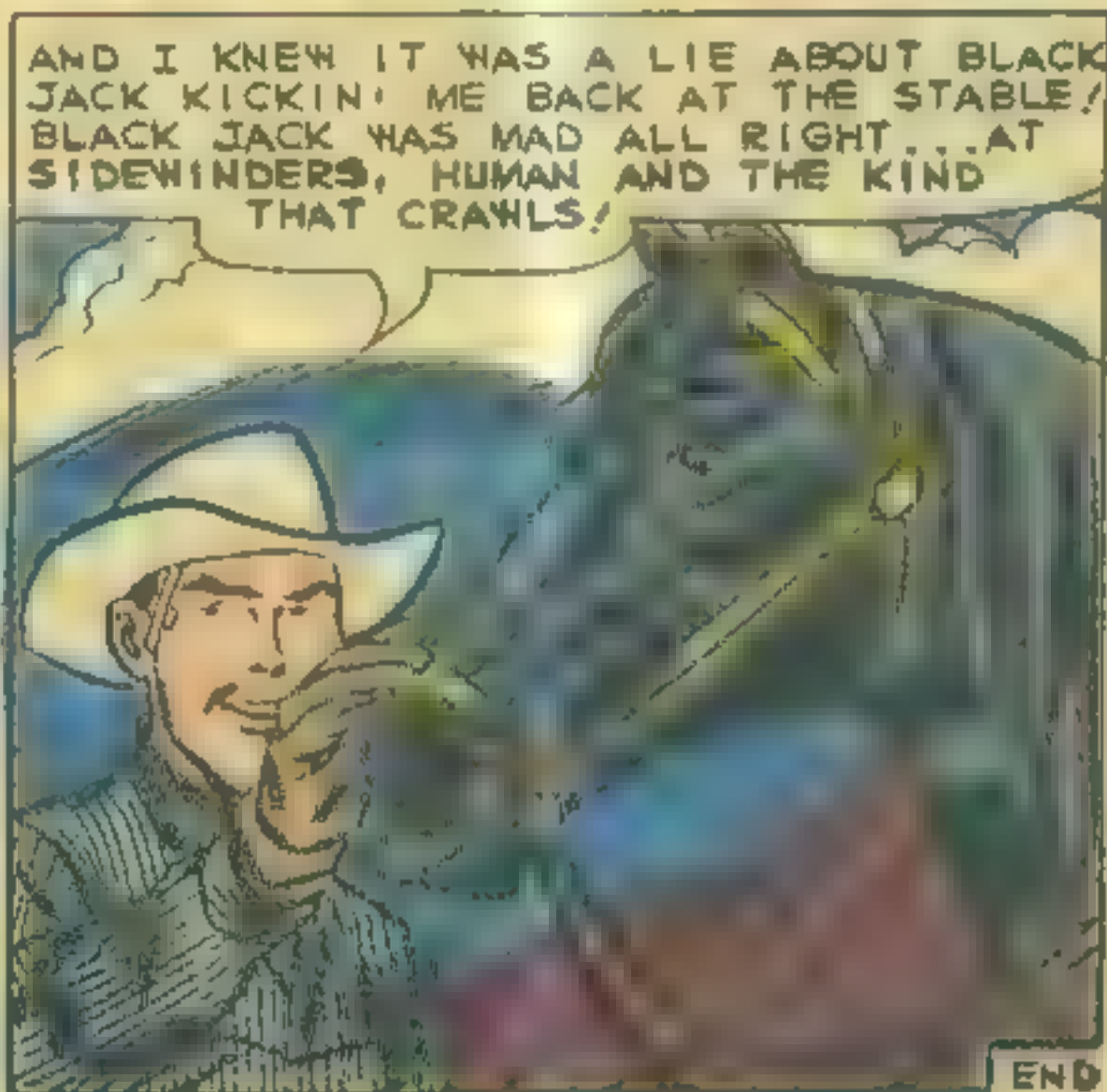
FIVE MINUTES LATER...

I DON'T GET IT! WE
SAW THE HORSE KICK
AT YUH, THEN YUH
LOOKED...IT WAS
A TRICK!

SURE, IT
WAS A TRICK!
BLACK JACK
KILLED A SIDE-
WINDER ON THE
ROCK BEHIND ME
--THAT'S WHEN
YOU THOUGHT HE
KICKED AT ME!



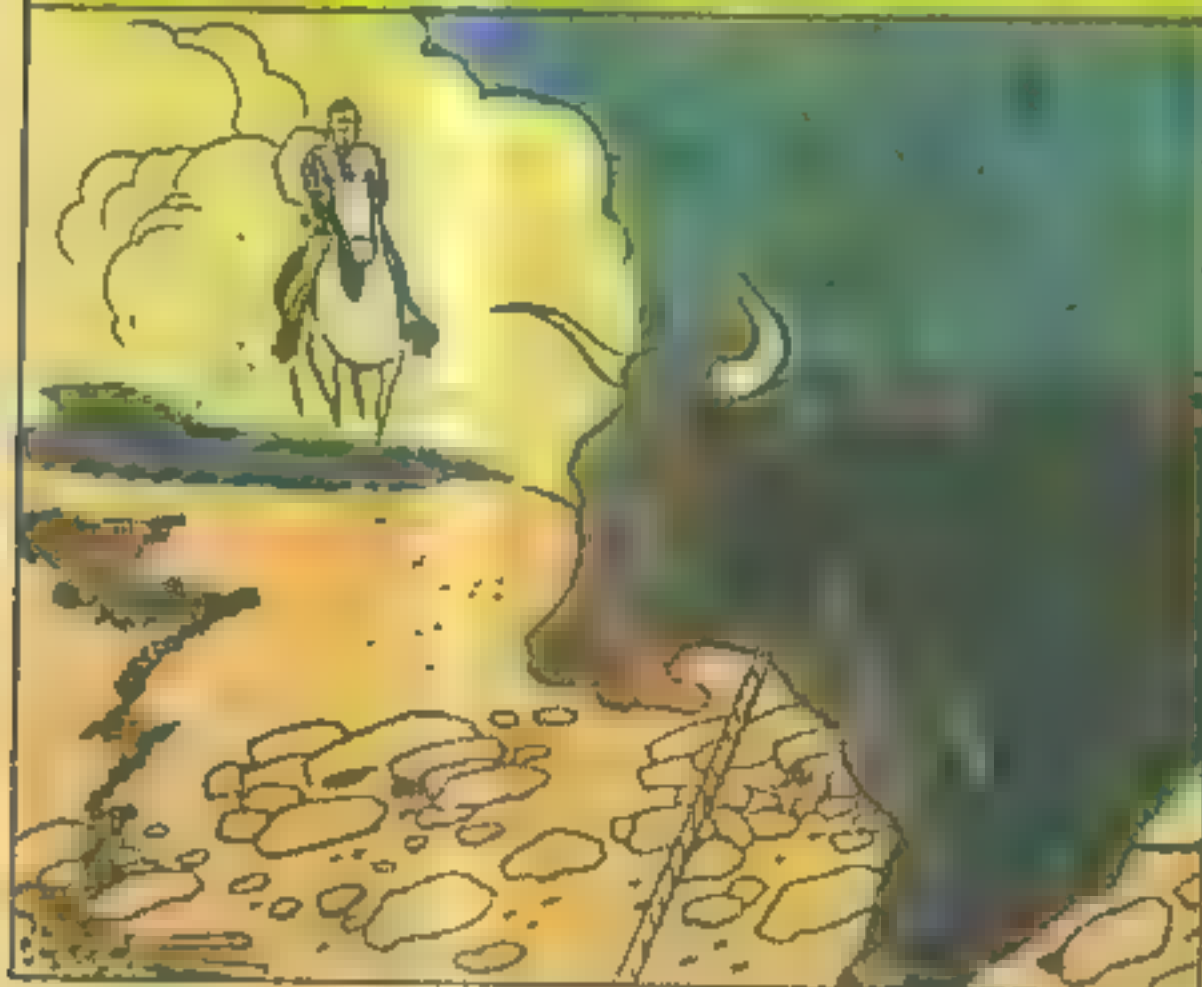
AND I KNEW IT WAS A LIE ABOUT BLACK
JACK KICKIN' ME BACK AT THE STABLE!
BLACK JACK WAS MAD ALL RIGHT...AT
SIDEWINDERS, HUMAN AND THE KIND
THAT CRAWLS!



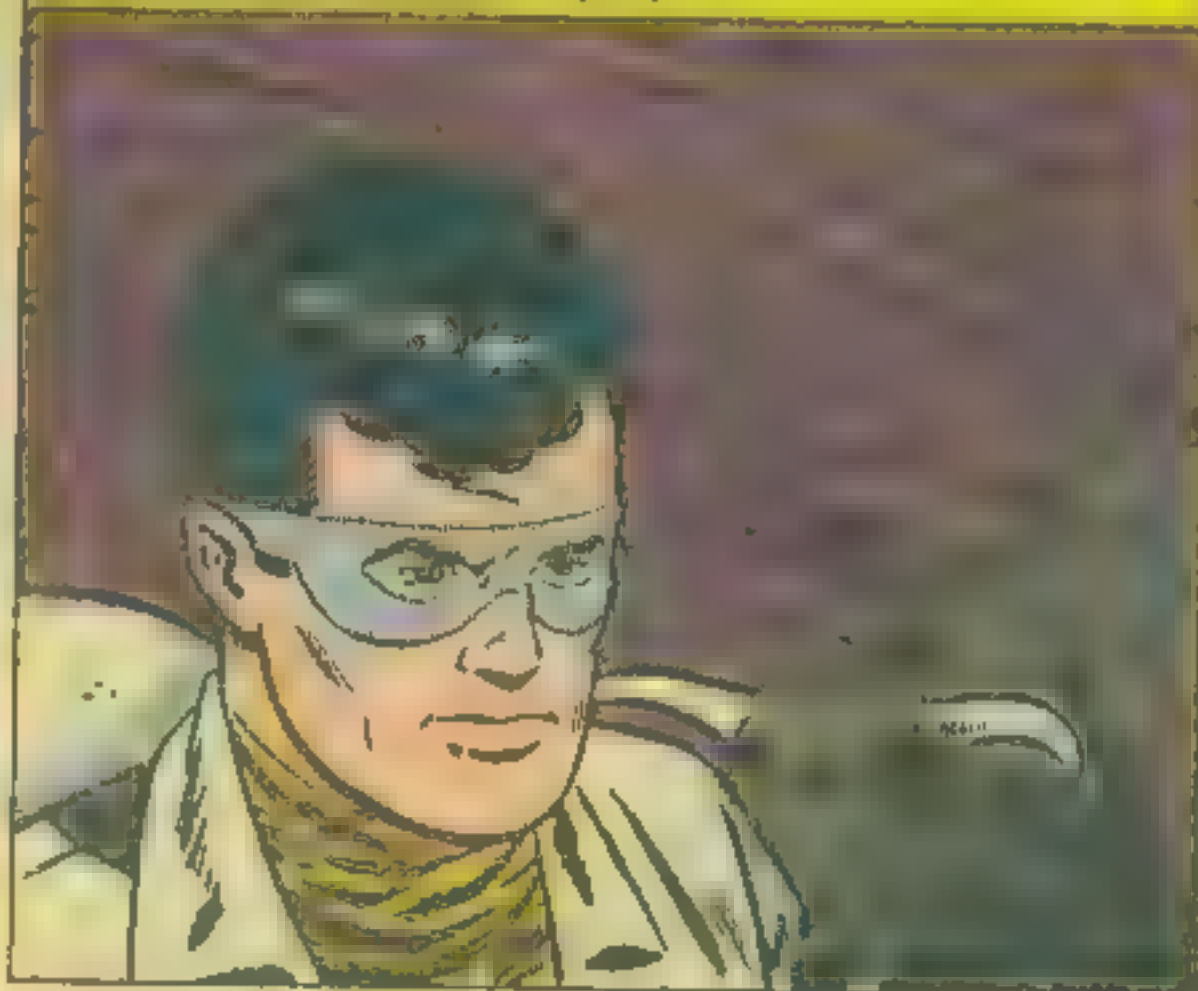
END

MASKED RAIDER

WHEN THE MASKED RAIDER SAW THE CALF TIED UP NEAR THE ABANDONED FIRE HE RODE DOWN TO INVESTIGATE



... HOPING TO FIND THE CLUE HE NEEDED TO BREAK UP THE RUSTLING GANG OPERATING NEAR TOWN.



MASKED RAIDER

TURNABOUT

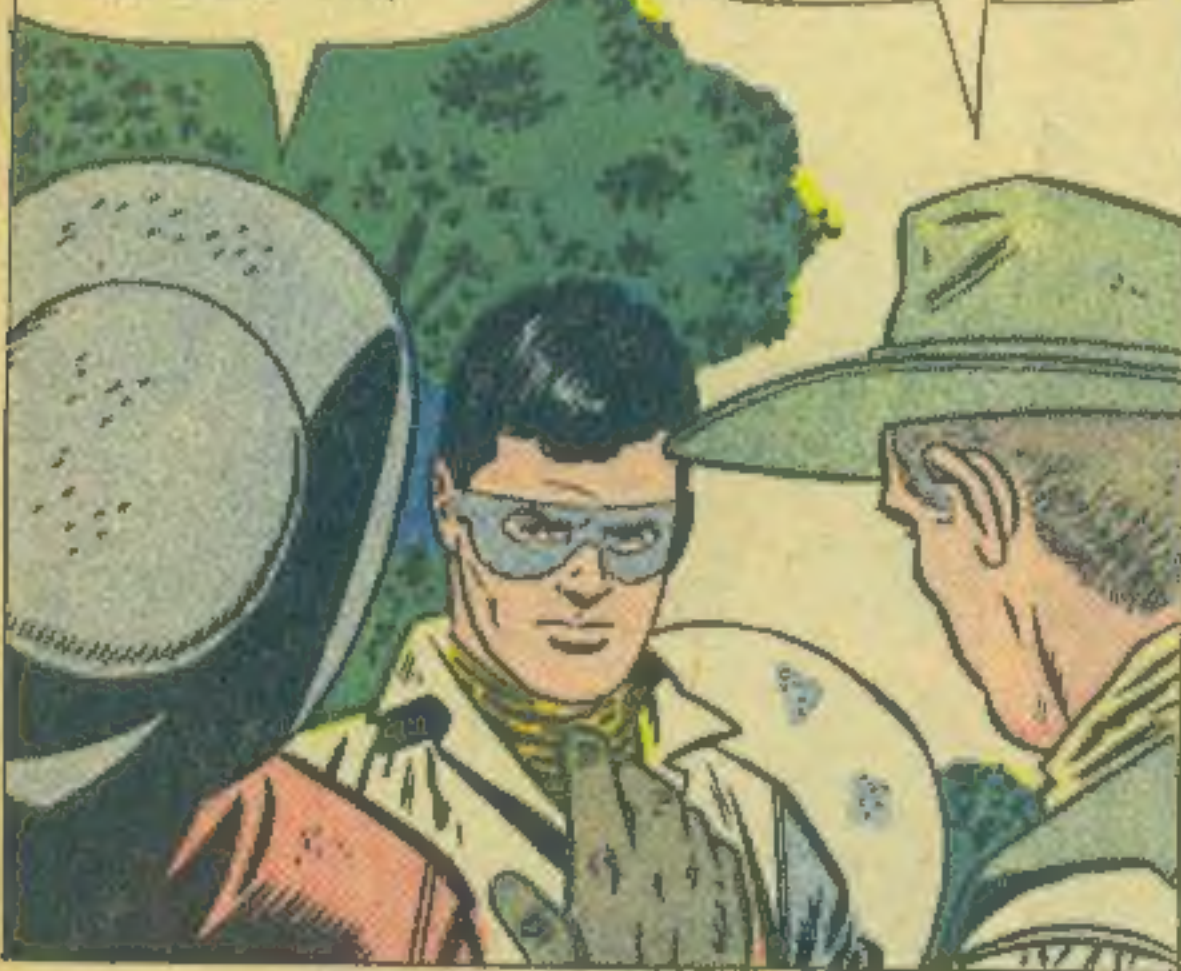
THE MASKED RAIDER'S HANDS STREAKED DOWN TO HIS COLTS, BUT HE DIDN'T THROW LEAD AT THE MEN WHO CAME AT HIM FROM THE BRUSH. THE MAN IN THE LEAD WORE A DEPUTY'S BADGE.



CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

RIP HIS MASK HOBE! LET'S SEE WHO THE RUSTLIN' RAIDER IS!

WE AIN'T SURE HE'S A RUSTLER YET, WEDIKER!



YOU'RE THE MASKED RAIDER! NOBODY EVER ACCUSED YUH OF BE-ING CROOKED BEFORE! WHAT'S THE STORY?

LET ME AT HIM, HOBE! I'LL TAKE THAT MASK OFF!



HIS CLAWING HAND REACHED FOR THE MASKED RAIDER'S MASK. AND THE RAIDER'S FIST REACHED OUT FOR WEDIKER!



KEEP IT AWAY FROM ME! YAAAAHH!



STAND STILL, ALL OF YOU! I COULD HAVE PUT LEAD INTO YOU ALL IF I TRIED...BUT I DON'T WANT THAT!



I DON'T WANT A RUSTLING CHARGE PEND-ING AGAINST ME...I'M RIDING INTO TOWN WITH YOU TO GET MYSELF CLEARED!



MASKED RAIDER

IT WAS A STRANGE PROCESSION... THE PRISONER, THE MASKED RAIDER, RODE INTO A SMALL TOWN NEARBY... WITH THE POSSE A-HEAD OF HIM, ALL OF THEM AFRAID TO MAKE A MOVE!

DEPUTY, I'LL GO IN-TO THE JAIL BY THE BACK WAY! I'LL STAY THERE UNTIL I'M CLEARED... AND I'VE SENT FOR A LAWYER!



HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SEND FOR A LAWYER!

HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET THE DROP ON US EITHER... BUT HERE WE ARE! ME, I BELIEVE THE GENT!

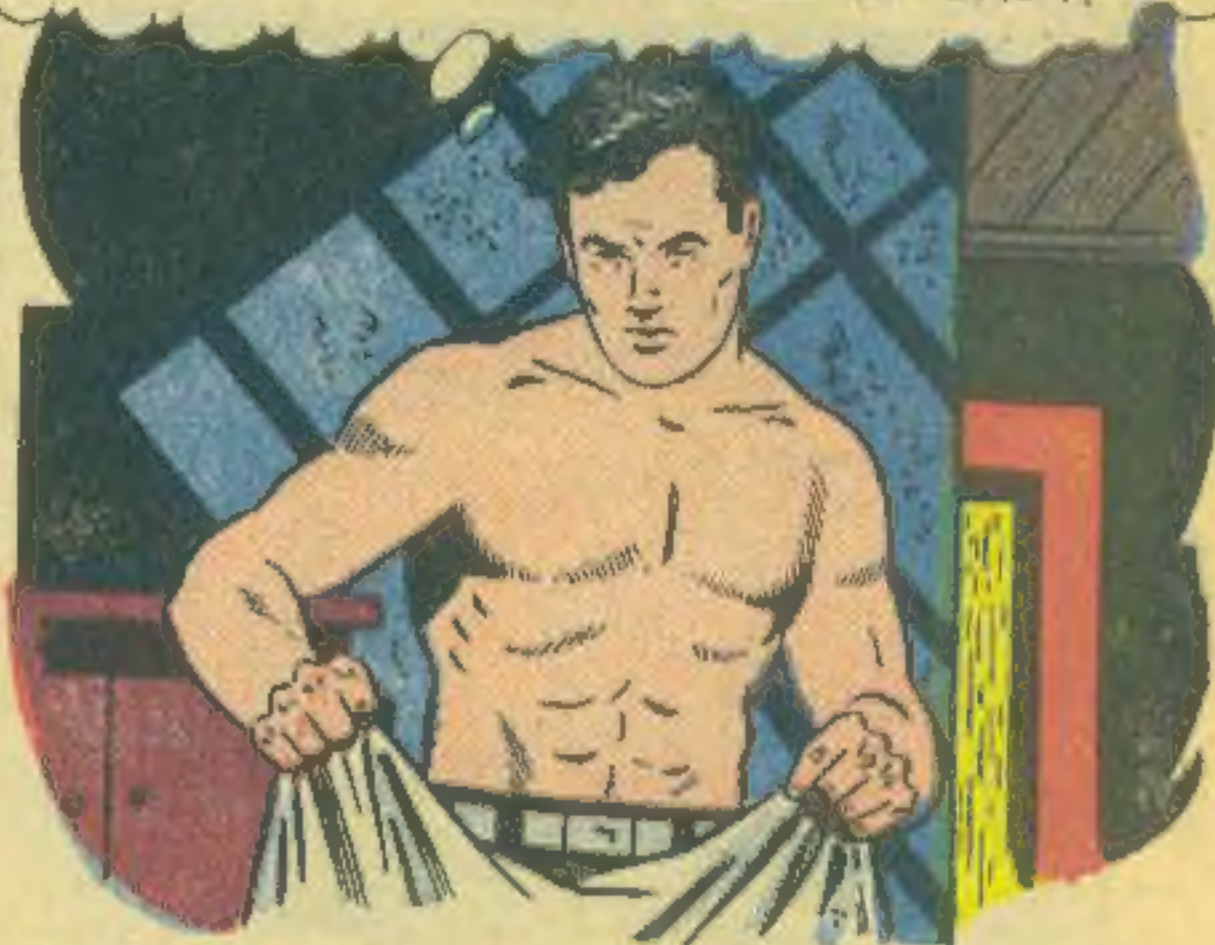


THEY WATCHED THE MASKED RAIDER TIE WHITE STAR TO THE HITCH RAIL AT THE BACK ENTRANCE TO THE JAIL!

LAWYER, LES WILCOX, IS INSIDE, DE-PUTY! LET ME TALK TO HIM ALONE!

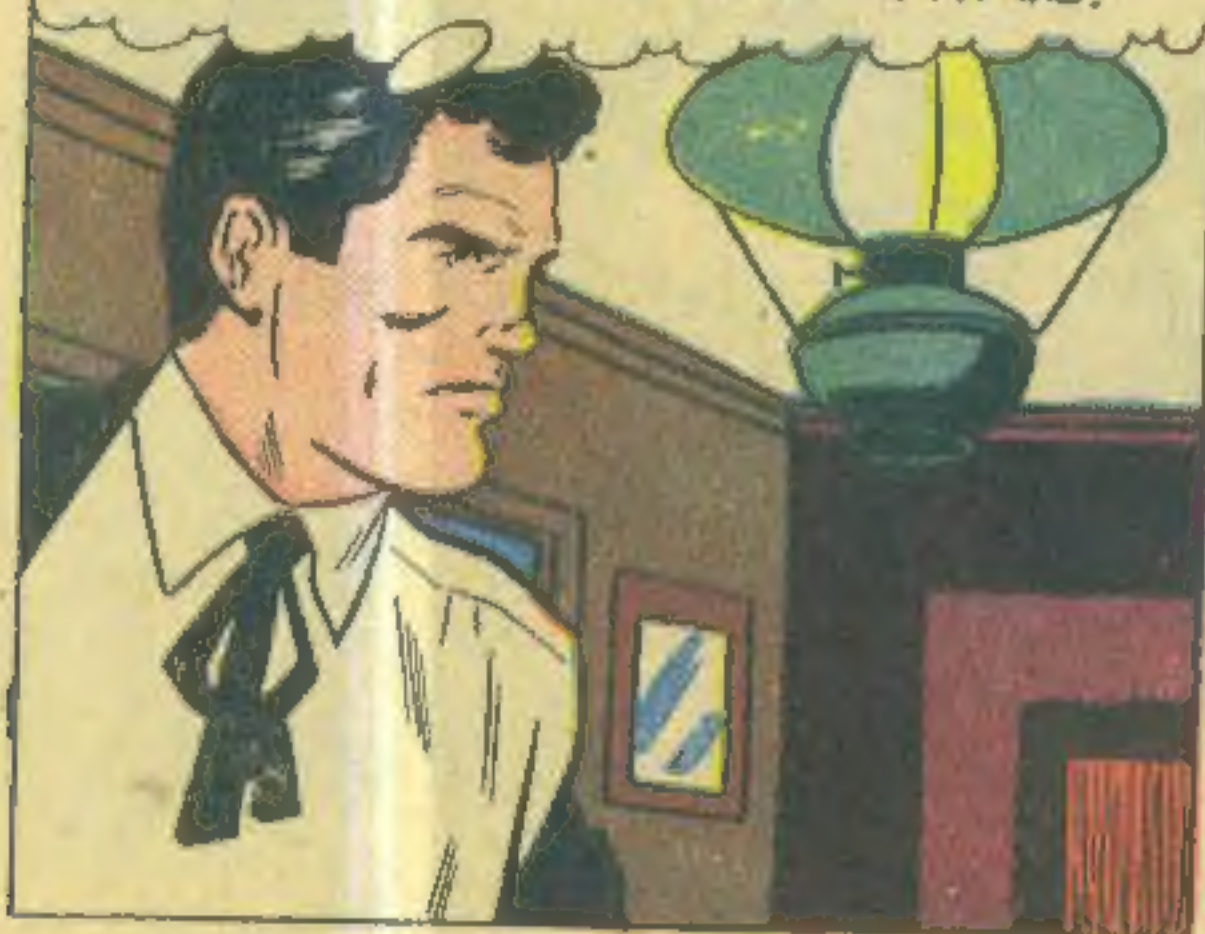


THE MAN NAMED WEDIKER FRAMED ME... BE-CAUSE HE'S THE BOSS RUSTLER! I CAN'T MAKE A MOVE IN TOWN AS THE MASKED RAIDER... THE CHANGE WILL BE EASY!



LATER... AFTER TAKING OFF THE MASK-ED RAIDER'S OUTFIT...

THE DEPUTY WON'T COME IN HERE... I'LL LOCK THE DOORS AND TAKE THE KEYS WITH ME!



THE MASKED RAIDER, MY CLIENT, SAID TO LOCK THE DOORS! DO YOU MIND, DEPUTY? HE WANTS TO BE ALONE!

NOT A BIT! I HAVE GOT A HUNCH THAT GENT'LL HELP ME BREAK UP THE RUSTLERS-- THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT!



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

MASKED RAIDER

LES WILCOX, LAWYER, WENT TO THE FREIGHT AGENT IN TOWN... HE GOT A LIST OF ALL CATTLE SHIPPED OUT FROM THE AREA...

DON'T TELL WEDIKER I SHOWED YOU THAT, MR. WILCOX!

IT'S THE LAW, FRIEND, YOU'VE GOT TO SHOW IT TO ANYONE INTERESTED!



NEXT, AT THE BANK, LES WILCOX LEARNED MORE...

YES, WEDIKER IS A DEPOSITOR HERE! I CAN'T DISCUSS HIS BUSINESS BUT...

I KNOW, SIR! HE NEVER BORROWS MONEY OR NEEDS CASH TO BUY STOCK LIKE MOST CATTLE DEALERS! HE ONLY SELLS THEM...



...WHICH MEANS HE EITHER GETS THE CATTLE FROM THIN AIR OR...

DON'T CALL ME A RUSTLER, MISTER!



YOU CAN'T USE THAT--I'M UNARMED! I WILL SEE YOU IN COURT, WEDIKER! MY CLIENT, THE MASKED RAIDER, IS INNOCENT. I'LL PROVE THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO FRAME HIM!



LES WILCOX MOVED FAST... HE LOOKED FOR THE DEPUTY... LEARNED THE YOUNG LAWMAN HAD BEEN CALLED OUT OF TOWN!

THERE'S WILCOX! GET HIM!



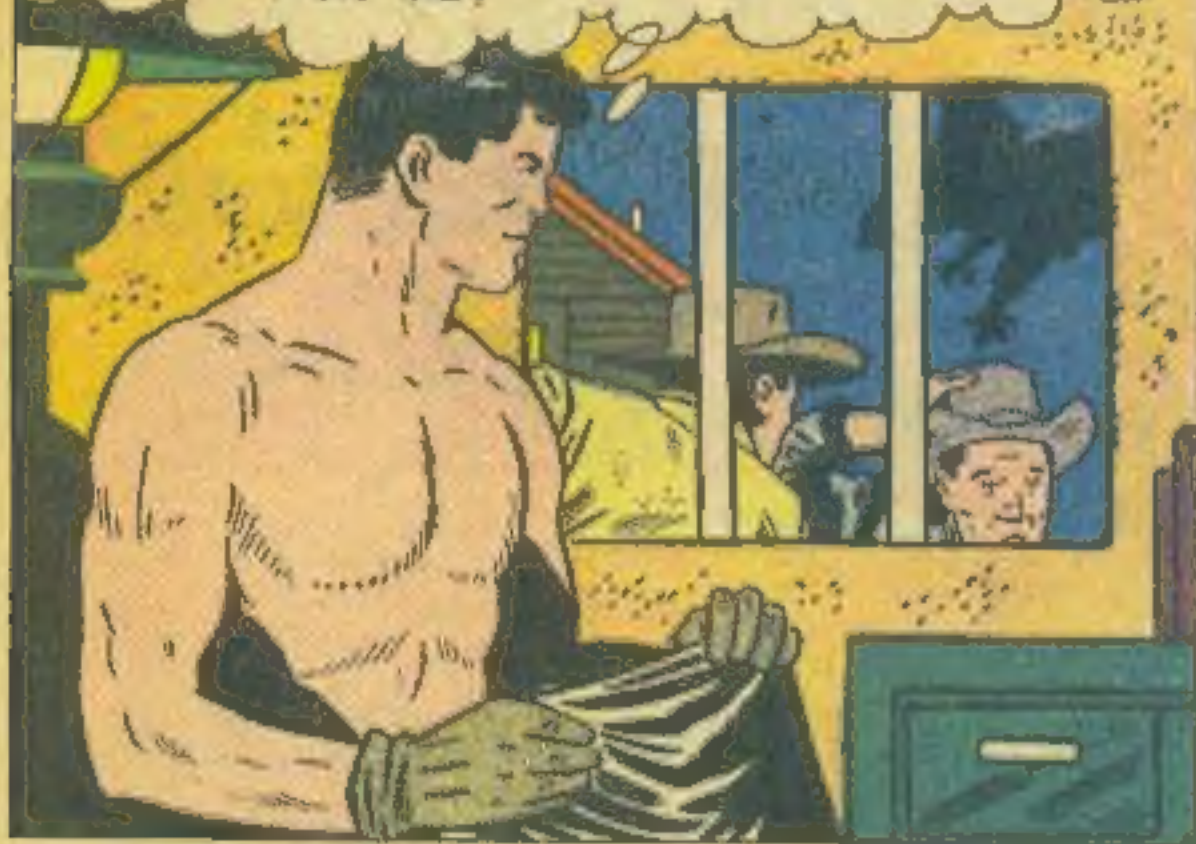
GET AROUND IN BACK--WE'VE GOT 'EM BOTH! WE'VE GOTTA GET BOTH OF THEM OUTA THERE BEFORE THE DEPUTY GETS BACK!



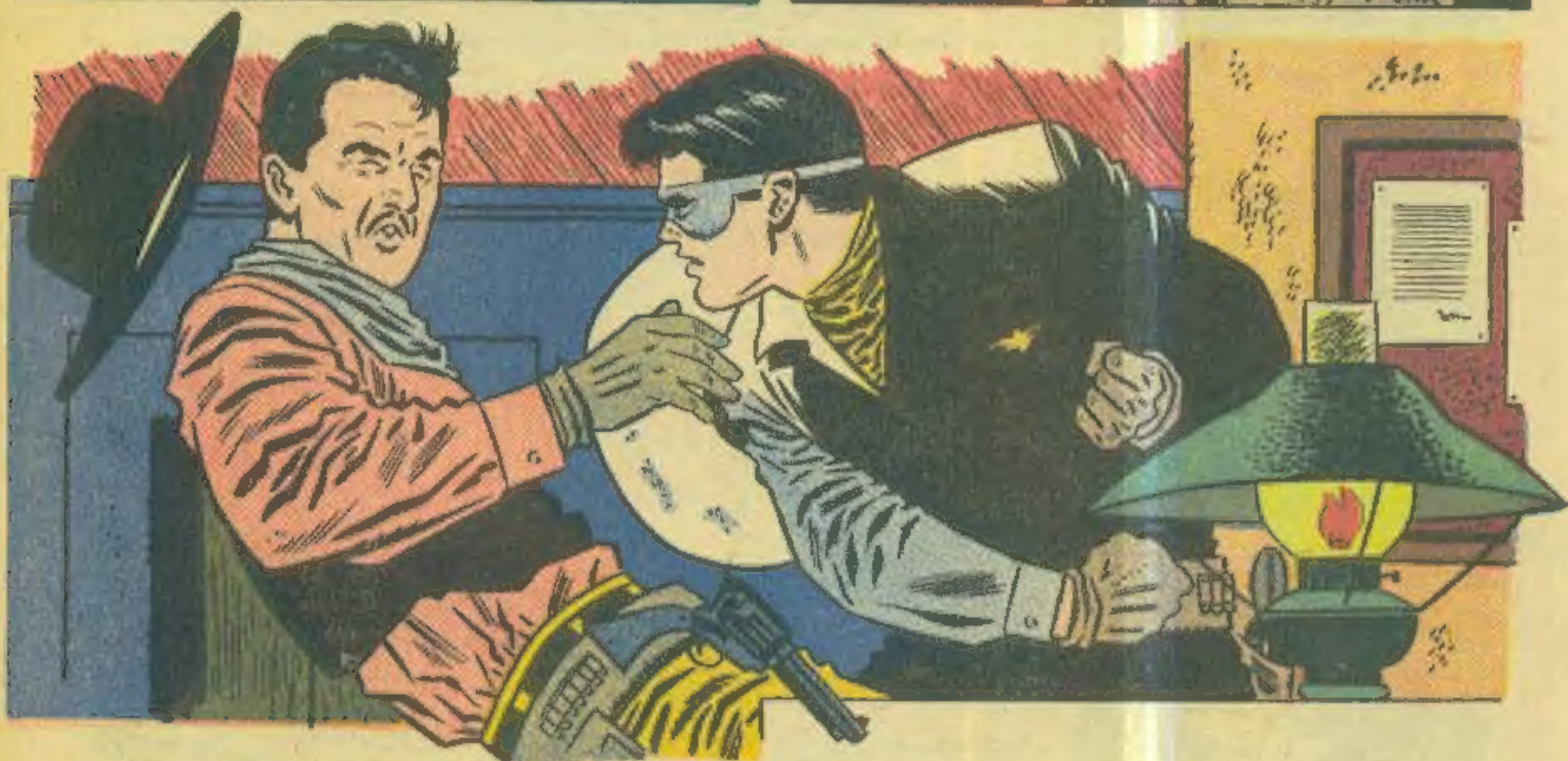
CHARLTON COMICS GIVE YOU MORE!

LES WILCOX LEAPED TO THE CELL WHERE HE'D LEFT THE GUNS AND THE CHANGE OF CLOTHES... HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME!

TALON'LL CHASE THOSE HIRED GUNS AND LEAVE WEDIKER FOR ME!



WHERE'S THAT LAWYER, I'LL... YOU...



IT WAS SIMPLE THEN... TO LOCK THE DOORS, FRONT AND BACK, THEN SEEK OUT SOME RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS IN TOWN...

WEDIKER IS THE RUSTLER, GENTS! THE BANKER, THE FREIGHT AGENT AND THE REST OF YOU CAN PROVE IT! THE SHERIFF'LL GET THE REST OF HIS GANG!



TELL THAT LAWYER, WILCOX, IF YOU SEE HIM AROUND THAT I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL FOR HIS HELP! ADIOS!



END